LE BEAU MONDE,

AND

MONTHLY REGISTER,

For APRIL 1810.

THE THIRTEENTH NUMBER.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PHŒNOMENA OF ARATUS.

Translated by Thomas Noble. *(Continued from page 346.)*

LOOK downward from the *Bear*, beneath her head,
The *Twins**, in front, alternate lustre shed:

* These *Twins* are generally interpreted to be *Castor* and *Pollux*, who were so remarkable for their fraternal affection, that they never contended with each other, nor undertook any enterprise but by mutual agreement. Their father Jupiter therefore rewarded them with a place amidst the stars, and Neptune bestowed upon them the power of pacifying storms. To this faculty Valerius Flaccus alludes, in the first book of the *Argonautica*—

——"lumenque innoxia fudit
Purpureum, miseris olim implorabile nautis."
ARG. lib. i. 571.

Full from both foreheads pours the purple light,
With lambent splendor, innocently bright.
Seamen in after-times those beams adore,
And 'mid dark tempests as their guides implore.

Castor is said to have been slain in a contest with Lyceus and Idas, who besieged Sparta; and that *Pollux* shared his immortality with his deceased brother. In the sky they therefore rise alternately; the one appearing above the horizon as soon as the other has set beneath it. They were called *Dioscuri*, or sons of Jupiter. This sign was highly respected in the Samothracian, and afterwards in the Eleusinian mysteries, where it was used as a sacred symbol of the most important secrets. The Roman commentator on Aratus informs us that Castor and Pollux were esteemed the *Pacificators*, because in the time of their mortal existence they had cleared every coast of pirates, and given peace to every nation; and at the termination of their voyage with Jason for the golden fleece, after having undergone many labours, they besought Jupiter that he would take them up into Heaven, and place them where they could behold all the wants and calamities of mankind; and that he would bestow upon them the power of subduing evil. This was, as far as possible, conceded to their prayer; but their influence was made much greater over the ocean than the land, because it was upon the ocean that they had been most successful during their lives. Hyginus remarks, that the Tropic of Cancer passes through them: they set beneath the horizon with their feet directed downwards, but

Beneath her shaggy loins the *Crab** appears,
Beneath her hinder feet the *Lion* † rears
His fiery form. Through these the solar way
Kindles intensely with oppressive day:

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they rise in an inclined position. He who is nearest to *Cancer* has in his head a brilliant star; one on each shoulder, one on his right elbow, one on each of his knees, and one on each foot. The other has the same, and one besides beneath his left foot, which is called the *Tropic Star*. The commentator on Aratus reckons ten stars in the whole sign; modern astronomers class 79 under the following magnitudes:

GEMINI.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
1	2	4	6	12	32	22

With respect to the natural interpretations usual given to the Signs of the Zodiac, I shall translate here an extract from the Comments of Ficinus on the works of the Platonic philosopher Plotinus, who wrote at Rome in the third century of the Christian æra.

"Animals are falsely imagined to have been placed in the heavens; nor is there any relation between those figures and the bulls, lions, &c. of the earth, either in form or in faculties; although it is said that the ancients placed the bull among the stars, because Jupiter is fabulously related to have assumed that image, &c. The *Bull* seems to have been supposed a symbol in the skies, because when the sun is in that sign, the land is fit for the plough, and requires cultivation: *Gemini*, because all plants are doubled by their germination (*germinando omnia germinantur*): *Cancer*, because then the sun goes backward like a crab: *Leo*, because then the sun-beams are vehemently hot: the *Virgin*, because then the earth, dried up by the heat of the sun, brings forth nothing: *Libra*, or the Scales, because then the sun makes the day and night equal: *Scorpio*, because then the air stings or tingles with the first return of frost: *Sagittarius*, because of the pointed sharpness of the cold northern winds; and in like manner of the rest."

* The *Crab* was placed amid the stars by Juno, in recompence for its having bitten the heel of Hercules, when that hero was contending in the Lernean Marshes against the Hydra. In the figure of the Crab are certain nebulous stars called *Asini*, or the *Asses*. The ancient fabulists relate concerning them that Bacchus being struck with mental stupor by Juno, fled towards Thesprotia, intending to implore the advice of the Dodonæan oracle; but arriving at a pool of water which intercepted the road, he remained there until two asses came to the same place. By their assistance he forded the flood, and proceeded to the temple of Dodonæan Jove, where the first use he made of his recovered reason was to return thanks to the asses, and to assign them places amid the stars.—Others relate that he bestowed the faculty of human speech upon the ass on which he rode, who soon after entered into an abstruse dispute (like one of our modern philosophers) with the god Priapus, concerning the mysteries of generation; but the god not being able to make any argumentative impression on the obstinacy of his antagonist, had recourse to blows, and sent him presently to study logic in another world. Bacchus took compassion on the vanquished disputant, and gave him a celestial position on the back of the crab, which was considered as a sort of metaphorical sarcasm on human rhetoricians, who, like the crab, are apt to go *backward* in their syllogistic deductions. I must not here omit the jocose story related by the old sophist Eratosthenes, who tells us that Jupiter, having declared war against the Giants, summoned all the deities to attend him. Honest father *Liber*, *Vulcan*, the *Satyrs*, and *Silenus*, heard the omnipotent edict, saddled their asses, and rode boldly into the foremost rank of the embattled army of the gods. O! had it been permitted for a mortal to have heard the gibes and jokes of the surrounding divinities, the laughter of a mere mortal would have shook him out of his mortal existence. It was well for the immortal gods that they could not die with laughter. But in the

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Then the ripe harvest falls, and, wide around
The arid stubble bristles o'er the ground;
Th' exhausted streams through sandy channels creep,
Or, faintly mingling, struggle tow'rds the deep. *
Th' Etesian breezes pant beneath the shade,
And flutter, fitful, 'mid the leafy glade;
Or, lightly wing'd, spread wayward o'er the main,
And brush the surface of the liquid plain.

Then in some lofty bark I love to sail,
The bosom'd canvas swelling on the gale,
No restless oars disturbing the smooth tide,
The clear expanse scarce gurgling 'gainst her side;
The helm alone the jocund seaman's care,
Contending gently with the wav'ring air.
Next, in just order, see the *Charioteer* *,
With direful stars (the *Goat* and *Kids*) appear.

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midst of their mirth appeared the van of the gigantic army. This created a terrible emotion in both those who laughed, and those who were laughed at. Their godships (with reverence be it spoken) ran and flew in all directions, and the vile sons of the earth were just going to shake their heavens about their ears, when the *asses*—the despised *asses*—set up such a bray as appalled the stoutest heart among them. The unity of *discordant* sound threw into immediate dissolution the *concordant* atoms, of which these mighty sons of Terra were composed. They fell into mere dust, and were no more! The gods, in recompense, allotted to the *asses* a place in the sky; and to do them the greater honour, they granted them that spot in the heavens where the sun attains his greatest eminence, namely the very middle of the sign Cancer. The tropic passes across this constellation. The ancients reckoned eighteen stars in its whole composition: at present we count seventy-one, viz. six of the 4th, seven of the 5th, thirty-nine of the 6th, and nineteen of the 7th magnitude.

* The narrative of Hercules's labours is known to all the readers of mythology.—This sign of the zodiac is said to have a reference to the first exploit of that hero of antiquity. The ancients reckoned nineteen stars in this constellation, besides seven of small magnitude, which are called the *Locks of Berenice (coma Berenices)* This Berenice was the daughter of Ptolemæus Philadelphus and Arsinoë, and was betrothed to her brother Ptolemæus Evergetes, whom she loved with so much tenderness, that during his expedition into Asia she made a vow to *Venus Zephyria* that she would, on his return, cut off her long and beautiful tresses, and consecrate them as an offering in her temple. Ptolemæus returned, and she performed her vow, when the hair instantly vanished from the altar on which it was deposited, and the astronomer Conon declared that it had been received into the heavens, and had become those stars which have since borne its name. Catullus has a beautiful poem upon this subject. The number of stars estimated by modern astronomers in the sign *Leo* are ninety-five, viz.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
2	2	6	15	10	50	10

and in *Coma Berenices*, forty, among which are none of the three first magnitudes:

4th	5th	6th	7th
8	14	14	4

* The proper name of this celestial charioteer is said to be *Erichthonius*, whose existence was the mysterious consequence of a contention between Vulcan and Minerva. He was the first who taught mankind to yoke horses to chariots, and instituted the Panathenea; the tower and temple for which service he is said to have built at Athens. Jupiter, in admiration of his talents, called him up to Heaven, that he might apply his invention of chariots to convey the sun round the world. He is also called Myrtilus, the son of Mercury by Clytia; and by others Orsilochus of Argos, who invented chariot-races. Concerning the *Goat and Kids* the mythological explanations are very various. The following is one of the many fables on this subject related by Hyginus:—"*Ops*, the mother of Jupiter, delivered him, when an infant, to be brought up by the nymphs Themis and Amalthea. The latter had a goat named Æga, which suckled

They from th' horizon oft in fearful gleams
Through the dark tempest shed their scattered beams,
While the black billows foam with fretful ire,
And the wreck'd sailors on the rocks expire.
In front of *Helice*, with mighty mein,
Left of the *Twins*, the *Charioteer* is seen:
The pious *Goat*, whose hallow'd udder nurst
Jove, when an infant, is his sacred trust:
On his left shoulder beams the charge divine,
Olenia, priestly minstrels name the sign.
Many the stars, and of transcendent light,
That round the *Charioteer* their beams unite,
But, with more feeble lustre, near his hand
The pallid *Kids* their threat'ning rays expand.
Close to the *Charioteer*, the *Bull* * below,
Protrudes his curving horns and grisly brow.
What mingling splendours o'er his visage spread,
Burn in his eyes, and sparkle round his head!
So clear, and so distinct, that all descry,
Untaught, the *Taurine* splendor of the sky.
What starry groups in various figures blend,
Flow o'er his shoulders, o'er his front extend!
Each starry group, with its peculiar name,
Might even here the Muses' numbers claim,
But for awhile deferr'd, since now we trace
The *Hyades*, that glimmer o'er his face;
In loose disorder, lo, with trem'lous light,
They dart uncertain on the gazer's sight.
His left horn's summit with one star is crown'd,
Which in the *Charioteer*'s right foot is found:
Join'd by this star these beamy signs appear,
And move together round th'ethereal sphere.
First, when they set, the *Bull* descends the skies,
But from th' horizon both at once arise.
Nor will I pass the sad *Iäsian* line,—
Those that in melancholy splendor shine,—
Kindred of Jove! to human sorrow giv'n,
Tho' now their names and forms are found in heaven.
First *Cepheus* †:—near the lesser *Bear* he stands,
In agony of woe he spreads his hands:

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the infant deity. The goat Æga is said to have sprung from the Sun. Her body was of exquisite symmetry, but her countenance was of so dreadful an aspect, that the gigantic children of Terra could not bear to look upon her; they therefore besought their mother to conceal the frightful animal, which she did in a cave of Mount Ida in Crete. But when Jupiter had arrived at years of maturity, and prepared to contend with the Titans for the government of the world, he was commanded by the Fates to cover his shield with the skin of the goat Æga. Hence the shield of Jove is called his *Ægis*. He obeyed the Fates, and placed his nurse, and the kids with which he had been suckled, as constellations in the skies." Hyginus reckons no more than seven stars in this constellation, but the commentator on Aratus increases the number to ten. In the tables of modern astronomers the number of stars is sixty-eight, and their magnitudes are thus expressed:

Auriga.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
1	2	1	10	18	31	5

* The fable of Europa is too well known to need repetition: it is generally esteemed to be the interpretation of the sign *Taurus*, although the more obvious explanation may be traced in the labours of Agriculture, which take place when the sun enters this sign of the zodiac. The *Hyades*, which cover the face and forehead of the Bull, are said to have been the daughters of Atlas, who, when their brother Hyas was slain in the chace of a lion, wept so bitterly for his death, that they expired with grief. There are many other interpretations of this fable, but they are all vague and uninteresting.— According to Hyginus, there are fourteen stars in this constellation: the commentator says eighteen. We now reckon 135, viz.

1st	2nd	3d	4th	5th	7th	7th
1	1	4	13	21	44	51

† Cepheus, whom our author calls the son of Iasius, and a descendant of Jupiter, is by Euripides stiled the son of Phœnix. He was King of Ethiopia, and the husband of Cassiopeia, for whose pride, in extolling her beauty above the charms of the Nereides,

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As far from foot to foot the linear space,
As from each foot to the *North Star* we trace;
Nor from his girdle far remote is roll'd
The terror of the *Dragon*'s spiral fold.
Revolving mournfully before his sight,
Cassiopeia * shines with stellar light:
Yet faintly fades she on the lucid sky,
When the full Moon, irradiate, reigns on high.
With orbs not numerous, nor compact, she glows,
Pale, scatter'd stars, her sorrowing form compose.
Like a cleft key, with whose serrated wards
A massive lock's indented bolt accords:
Slowly th' indented bolt, within conceal'd,
Heaves, and permits the creaking gates to yield.
So from her shoulders slanting to her feet,
Alternate lines of stellar angles meet.
Disconsolate she sits, and seems to wait
The dire completion of her daughter's fate.
Lo, in her sight the victim-maid remains—
Andromeda †, depress'd with grief and chains.
She shines distinct to thy inquiring eyes,
With ease discover'd on the concave skies:
A lovely star adorns her beamy head—
Others as bright o'er either shoulder spread;
With equal lustre either foot is grac'd,
And trem'lous radiance kindles round her waist.
Wide she extends her supplicative hands,
In heav'n itself, o'erwhelm'd with galling bands;
E'en there for ever gazes, sad, around,
For ever hopeless, and for ever bound.
Near this devoted maid the mighty *Horse* ‡
Seems thro' the pavement of the sky to force

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her daughter, Andromeda, was exposed to sea monster. The arctic circle passes through the constellation of Cepheus; in our latitude he never descends to the horizon. The stars on each of his feet make, with the polar star, the three corners of a triangle, nearly equilateral. Hyginus, and the Commentator, both count nineteen stars in this asterism. Moderns reckon thirty-five, of which none are of the first or second magnitudes.

* The figure of *Cassiopeia* is represented seated. Hyginus says she sits upon the rocks, but our modern delineators of stellar charts and globes assign her an elegant throne. Her feet touch the arctic circle, and her whole figure is involved in the *Via Lactea*, or Milky Way. The ancients, according to Hyginus, and the Commentator on Aratus, reckoned thirteen stars in this constellation. We now reckon fifty-six.

† *Andromeda* is placed near *Cassiopeia*: her head unites with the body of Pegasus. Hyginus is in a considerable error when he says that the tropic of Cancer passes through the neck and left arm of this constellation, and is touched by the head and right arm of Cassiopeia; both these asterisms lie wholly between the arctic circle and the tropic. The seat of Cassiopeia is upon the former circle, but the head of Andromeda scarcely reaches the latter. Hyginus reckons twenty stars in this constellation: the Commentator twenty-one. These three last constellations have their stars thus arranged, according to their magnitudes, by modern astronomers.

Cepheus, thirty-five stars.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
0	0	3	7	8	14	3

Cassiopeia, fifty-six stars.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
0	0	5	7	9	30	5

Andromeda, sixty-six stars.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
0	3	2	12	13	34	2

‡ The constellation is by many other writers as well as Aratus denominated Pegasus, the offspring of Neptune and the Gorgon Medusa, who is said to have opened a fountain in Mount Helicon with a blow of his hoof. The fountain is, therefore, called *Hippocrene*, or the Fountain of the Horse. Others relate, that when Bellerophon arrived at the dominions of Pœtus the son of Abas, the King of the Argives, the Queen, Antia, became enamoured of her guest, and solicited him not only to the criminal enjoyment of her favors, but promised him the throne of her husband. The generous warrior rejected her overtures; when, inflamed with anger, and the dread that

His semi-form:—sublime his front he rears,
And his wing'd shoulders burst above the spheres.
His figure and *Andromeda*'s unite;
One common star to each bestows its light:
Now on the forehead of *the maid* it beams,
And now the navel of *the courser* seems.
Three more, at equal space, his form invest,
Burn on his shoulders and bestud his chest;
Large, clear, and bright;—none of such brilliance deck
His head, or flowing mane, or ample neck,
Save one, that near his mouth resplendent lies,
And with the four that mark his body vies.
Forth from the heavens the sacred *courser* starts,
Imperfect thus;—conceal'd his hinder parts,
His struggling wings he spreads—his fore-feet rears—
Nor yet a quadruped entire appears.
This is the steed that from the lofty brow
Of *Helicon* bade *Hippocrene* flow:
Adown the mountain's side, in lucid rills,
The hallow'd *fountain of the steed* distills.
Brown was the arid height, to streams unknown,
When with his hoof he smotê the bubbling stone:
Instant, the stream gush'd sparkling,—and around
Bright flow'rets started o'er th' astonish'd ground.
Shepherds, reclining on th' enamell'd bank,
Oft of the clear, translucent crystal drank;
Then *thee* they sang—(so sweetly rose their song,
The muses seem'd to join the choral throng)
Then *thee* they sang, and thy celestial source,
Fair *Hippocrene, Fountain of the Horse!*
E'en still thy waters from the summit flow,
Where Thespia's turrets grace the vale below;
But the proud *courser*, bounding to the sky,
Has mingled with the splendid forms on high.

Bellerophon would betray her conduct to Prœtus, she took the resolution of informing the King that his visitor had offered violence to her. The irritated, but timid, monarch dismissed the youth from his court on a frivolous pretext, and sent him to Sthenobeas, the father of Antia, who enjoined him to destroy the Chimera, a monster that devastated the fields of Lycia. Bellerophon having overcome this dreadful animal, attempted to rise amid the heavens on the winged-steed Pegasus: he however fell, and perished, but the horse was received among the constellations.—Hyginus reckons twenty-three stars in this asterism, but the Commentator no more than eighteen.—The moderns enumerate ninety-three, of various magnitudes.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
0	4	3	10	13	58	5

THE MIRACULOUS CASK.

(Continued from page 348)

He came, and prepossessed me farther in his favor. I received him into my school: I taught him the languages, mathematics, geography, history, in short all that I could teach him, and behold! he has since become Aulic Counsellor of the Empire, principal Librarian to the Elector of Bavaria, and Secretary for life to the Academy of Sciences at Manheim:—in a word, the cooper's son is now *M. André Lamey*, my best friend, a friend whom I owe, as you see, to this beloved *cask*.

At these words the respectable old man interrupted his narrative to call upon us to drink the health of our illustrious countryman in some excellent wine of the same growth, which he had bottled off many years before. We answered his call with all the cheerfulness and gratitude which his story was so well calculated to inspire. To the

toast thus proposed by him I added his own health, and a wish that the festival which we then celebrated might often be renewed. Our wishes were heard. This good man lived to see the termination of his eightieth year.

"A friend of forty years is no trifle," said M. Brauer, resuming the thread of his narrative, and citing to us the well-known text from the Book of *Ecclesiastes*, 'A new friend is like new wine when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.'—"But what I have related," he continued "is only the commencement of the miracles of my cask. I had introduced my dear friend *Lamey* to my brother-in-law, Schoepflin, who saw instantly all the advantages to be derived from the talents of this excellent young man. He recommended me to direct his study to the most intimate knowledge of the divided rights and abstruse heraldry of the nobility in this part of Germany; and soon afterwards M. Schoepflin took him into his house. It was through the indefatigable zeal of my young friend that all the materials of the *Alsatia Illustrata* were brought together, so that all the two first volumes appeared in 1751 and 1761. The whole diplomatic section of this work, which did not make its appearance until the death of Schoepflin, was the astonishing production of Lamey alone. This," continued our benevolent pastor, "would have happened in a very different manner if my *cask* had never had existence.

"When Schoepflin had begun to print his *Recherches sur L'Alsace*, and had proceeded very far in another work of the same kind, to which M. Lamey had likewise very considerably contributed, concerning the country of Baden, the Elector Palatine of Bavaria, Charles Theodore, was desirous to have a similar work composed relative to his provinces on the Rhine. He spoke of his design to M. Schoepflin, who, notwithstanding his great age, was about to undertake this laborious work, when M. Lamey observed to him that in consequence of the numerous wars of which the Palatinate of the Rhine had been the theatre, the title deeds and other documents necessary for such an undertaking were too much dispersed to be speedily got together. He advised him to engage the Elector to found an academy for the collecting and preparing these materials. These were the motives to which the Electoral Academy of Manheim owes its creation. M. Schoepflin was named honorary president, and M. Lamey secretary and librarian for life. Thus, here is an academy, together with a long series of important memorials, which have issued from the press under its direction, and in which the secretary has had the principal share, and for which the literary world is indebted to the present made me by my father, of which we will again take an enlivening glass." As he spoke, he filled a bumper of this beneficent nectar, and then continued his narrative, which I ventured to entitle *The Epic of the Cask*.

"Some years ago," said the cheerful pastor, "my friend was invited by the family of Senkenberg to inspect the archives of their house, and to put in order the title-deeds, and the parchments of greater or less importance. M. de Senkenberg, the father, had been Imperial Counsellor at Vienna, and had often investigated title-deeds of the greatest consequence, either concerning the claims of the court of Vienna, or those of the other German princes. Some of these writings had been accidentally placed among his private papers, and M. Lamey, in separating and identifying them, discovered among them an original title-deed, which became of the highest importance to all Europe. It is well known that on the death of the Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian-Joseph, who died in 1777, without any issue, the house of Austria pretended to the right of succession to a large portion of the domains, and that the King of Prussia opposed these claims, and supported the rights of the Elector Palatine and the princes of Deux-Ponts, whom he looked upon as the legitimate heirs, because he knew that the House of Austria had long since formally renounced the pretensions which she now produced. But it was in vain that the act of renunciation was sought for in the archives of Bavaria: the place where it ought to

have been was empty. Joseph II. apparently informed of this circumstance, declared that if this deed could be shewn to him, he would renounce all his pretensions; and at the same time he wrote to his mother that if she should suffer herself to be persuaded to conclude a peace without the production of this supposed deed, he would never return to *Vienna*, but would fix his residence at *Aix La Chapelle*. Now this writing, so vainly sought for at *Munich*, and so imperiously demanded by the Court of *Vienna*, was precisely the very instrument which *M. Lamey*, whom Homer or Ossian would have styled *the son of the cask*, had so fortunately discovered. Of this discovery he informed M. de Senkenberg the younger, who had the generosity to transmit the deed to the legitimate heirs; by doing which he ran the risk of some months imprisonment at Vienna, where his mother resided, and where some business of importance then required his personal attendance. *M. Lamey* was obliged to take refuge for some time beyond the Rhine, in the dominions of the Princes of Deux-Ponts, and in his native country. The *peace of Teschen* however was soon brought about by the production of the disputed title-deed, and all differences were speedily at at end.——It was *my cask*," exclaimed M. Brauer, with enthusiasm, "*my cask*, that made the Emperor of Germany give up the point; and the few drops of wine which were spilled this day forty years, have prevented many European nations from spilling streams of human blood!"

We were now called upon to drink healths anew from the remains of this precious wine; and our host, who never missed an opportunity of quoting the ancients, and who knew by art whole pages of their best works, seasoned our toasts with classical sentences, in honor of the peace which had just been concluded.

One circumstance still remained unexplained. The pastor said that his cask had been given to the earth, like the tablets of Moses, in the midst of thunder and lightning. I fancied I had discovered an allegorical allusion in his expression to the terrors of war and the beneficent regulations of peace. I mentioned my conjecture to my friend, who, with a smile, replied that, "it was ingenious enough, but that, like the conjectures of many learned commentators on the Classics, it wanted only one thing, which was *truth*."—"What I have said," continued he, "concerning the extraordinary origin of *my cask* is to be understood literally. In descending yonder mountain you must have taken notice of an enormous oak, of the most venerable antiquity. It was partly for the production of *my cask* that this Methusalem of trees has been spared, both by men and by tempests, during so many ages. I say *partly*, because the whole of its destiny, as nature intimates with respect to all the works of Omnipotence, was concealed from the feeble sight of ignorant mortals. About fifty years ago, a violent thunder-storm tore from this aged tree an immense limb. My father puschased it, and as a memorial of the event, caused this *cask* to be fabricated from it. Thus Heaven itself previously prepared the happy consequences which this *miraculous cask* has produced: and thanks be to that Providence whose mysterious path has, on this occasion, been strewn with the most delightful blessings that human nature can receive—the roses of friendship, the sweet fruits of literature, and the beneficent olive of peace!"

Thus did this venerable old man resolve his whole narrative into a hymn to Providence and to Divine Mercy. His eyes were filled with tears of joy, and we participated with him in emotions, the just and genuine motives of which were friendship and the most disinterested beneficence.

I return from my journey with a mind full of lively images and agreeable impressions. Would to Heaven that my recital might impart at least a small portion of them to the souls of my auditors!

A LETTER TO A LADY, CONCERNING PANORAMIC PERSPECTIVE.

Madam,

The instructions, with which I have had the honour and pleasure to attend you, have been entirely confined to perspective delineations on flat or plane surfaces; your design of ornamenting the interior of a *circular room in the summer-house of your country residence* must be executed by a very different application of those principles of vision with which you are already acquainted. I need not here repeat that the *picture* is nothing more than the intersection of visual rays proceeding from every point of every object to the eye of the spectator, since you have shewn your intimacy with the subject, in the remark that "the surface of the room to be painted is not that *plane superficies* which you have been accustomed to consider as the *recipient surface of representation*." It is indeed so unusual for the *recipient surface* in painting to be any other than a *plane surface*, that I have, in common with other writers and teachers of Perspective, generally termed that the *plane of the picture* which, strictly speaking, ought to be called the *superficies of the picture*.— But some confusion would result from the extensive nature of this term. *Superficies* is of many descriptions, and every diversity demands different applications of that theory in which the Science of Perspective originates. You will perhaps be surprised at being told that the kind of superficies on which you are now desirous of painting, is that which lends itself most readily to the *theory* of Perspective: all that confusion of *vanishing planes*, with their variety of *distances*, so seemingly incomprehensible to a beginner, is here cleared away; the *surface of the picture* (which, instead of retiring from the eye on the right hand and on the left, circumscribes the sight) receives the form of every object without that distortion that appears to attend the side objects of the picture, when the student is drawing on a *plane*, and using a short *central distance*: These advantages render the *theory* more distinct, and prevent that hesitation of belief which I have met with in those who, from a want of an intimate acquaintance with the truths of Geometry, and a habit of demonstration, are apt to be disgusted with their first attempts in linear perspective.— But with whatever clearness the *circular* (or rather *cylindrical*) *surface* may yield to the *theory*, it must be confessed that it adds no facility to the *practice* of perspective delineation. To draw lines of any kind on a concave superficies must in all cases be intricate, and in some instances impracticable: unless we can resolve the *cylindrical superficies* into a plane, we can no longer derive any aid from those instruments that have so materially aided us in our former delineations: Yet it is manifest that no drawing, after the methods for delineations on plane surfaces can serve the purpose. You, Madam, are not the only person who have "failed in producing the desired effect, by uniting *plane* pictures together on a *circular* (you should have written *cylindrical*) *surface*." Some of our *pseudo-panorama* painters have ventured to place similar failures before the eyes of the public.

Your request will ever be to me a command, and my obedience a humble return for your condescension. But in this instance you must accept my own endeavours to elucidate the subject of your enquiries, since I know no author to whom I can give you your requested reference. All writers (with whom I am acquainted) have hitherto considered the *plane* of the picture only; and I believe I may venture to say that you, Madam, are the first of *panoramic painters* who have found out the distinction between a *plane* and a *surface*. I ought, indeed, to be proud of the task of pursuing that train of ideas which has originated from you, and I therefore proceed, not *invitâ*, but *in-*

vitante Minervâ. In order to be as perspicuous as possible, I shall recal your attention to some of those elementary definitions on which our science is dependent, and particularly to that *point*, which we have hitherto been accustomed to denominate the *center of the picture*, or *the point of sight*. In panoramic perspective we shall find that this point becomes diffused along the *horizontal line*, and usurps the place of all other vanishing points on that line. Excuse me if I repeat those things which you already understand: without such repetition, the paper which I have the honour to address so you would be incomplete.

On Panoramic Perspective.

1. The line of intersection between the *plane of the Horizon* and the surface of a picture, is denominated the *horizontal line.*

2. Where the *surface of the picture* is a plane, the *horizontal line* will be a right line.

3. In such a right line there must necessarily be one point nearer to the eye of the spectator than any other: that point is generally denominated the *point of sight* or *center of the picture.*

4. The earlier writers on perspective seem to have supposed that the eye of the spectator was particularly directed to this *nearest* point on the surface of the picture; but the demonstrations of Dr. Brook Taylor have since shewn that it has no claim to this preference; and that the eye of the spectator being *fixed* at *one point*, the sight may be directed to any point within the scope of its vision. The Doctor therefore terms the eye itself the *point of sight*, and that point in the *plane of the picture* to which it is nearest, the *center of the picture.*—Later writers on this subject, although they have founded many improvements, in practice, on the principles of Dr. B. Taylor, have yet continued to consider the *center of the picture* as the point to which the sight is particularly directed, and have therefore continued the use of the term *point of sight* in its original sense;—a sense that ought now to be obsolete. To this error many critics on the fine arts, and lecturers on painting and engraving, have yielded, not so much from want of just knowledge of the subject, as from the common use of a technical phrase which has long identified itself with the theory of art. Perhaps this may be in some degree warrantable, on the consideration that the *nearest* point in a picture, though not necessarily the first that we observe, is the most likely to be the first to which we direct our attention. In the laws of taste this point is undoubtedly of the greatest importance: it regulates the position of the most interesting and most attractive objects; it generally demands the chief care of the artist, who may so place it as to elevate or depress, to magnify or to diminish, the appearance of the features of his painting.

5. Let the *plane of the horizon*, the *plane of the picture*, and the *base plane*, be reduced to one plane, as is usual in the most common operations of perspective: (see fig. 1,) and let it be required to find the perspective position of any point A situated in the *base plane*, without recurring to the use of the *point of sight* or *center of the picture.*—Let E be the eye situated in the plane of the horizon: draw E M perpendicular to the *horizontal* and *base lines.* On EM take EH, equal to the *height of the eye* above the *base plane*. Draw AH and the ray of sight EA; and at B (the intersection of the line AH with the base line) draw BD parallel to EM: then, the point D in the ray EA is the perspective representation of the original point A. For "every point in a picture is the section of a ray of sight from a point in the original object, by the *surface* of that picture*:"—therefore, BD being the intersection of the triangular plane EHA, with the surface of the picture, D is the required intersection of the ray EA.—Again, if BD be continued to V in the horizontal line, and EV be drawn, EV will be parallel to AB, because EH is equal and parallel to

* See Dr. Brook Taylor's New Principles of Linear Perspective. I use the word *surface* instead of *plane*, to render the application to Panoramic Perspective more apparent.

BV:—the point V is therefore the vanishing point of the line AB, according to the doctrine of Dr. B. Taylor; and EV is the *distance* of that vanishing point. The *horizontal line* is therefore made up of the vanishing points of lines drawn from original points in the base plane to the station point H: which points differ in no other respect from each other than in the length of their distance EV.

6. Let fig. 2 represent a transparent cylindrical surface upon the concave interior of which a panorama is intended to be delineated. Let E be the eye of the spectator in the center of the *horizontal circle*, and H the station point in the center of the *base circle*: then, A being an original point in the base plane, its perspective representation D will be obtained as in § 5.—But the distances of the vanishing points V in the *horizontal circle*, will be everywhere equal; and being always the shortest distance possible, every vanishing point will become a *perspective center* or *point of sight*, or rather, the point usually denominated the *point of sight*, will be dilated through the circumference of the *horizontal circle*.

7. The representation of any right line, situate on the base plane, or any of its parallel planes, will be part of an elliptical section of the cylinder; the conjugate axis of which will be the diameter of the horizontal circle parallel to the proposed right line, and the semi-transverse axis will be that part of the visual ray (directed to the *nearest point* of the given right line) which is intercepted between the eye and the surface of the cylinder. Thus if A be the point of the right line FG (Fig. 3) nearest to the cylinder, then will XZ (a diameter of the horizontal circle parallel to FG) be the conjugate axis, and ED (the intercepted part of the visual ray EA) the semi-transverse axis of the ellipsis XDZ; and *fg* (part of the periphery of the ellipsis) will be the perspective representation of the right line FG.

8. The right line FG will therefore have two vanishing points, X and Z; of which X will be the vanishing point of the part from A towards G, and Z the vanishing point of the part towards F. Also if upon FG a plane be raised perpendicular to the *base plane*, that perpendicular plane will have two vanishing lines; namely, ZY and XW. It is almost needless to observe that all right lines parallel to FG will have the same vanishing points X and Z; and that all perpendicular planes parallel to that on FG, will have the same vanishing lines ZY and XW: yet it may be necessary to mention that all right lines on the same *base plane*, that are the same distance AB from the *base circle*; that is, all tangents that can be drawn to the circle TAR, which is described through the original point A from the central station point H, will have their perspective representation in the periphery of ellipses, exactly equal and similar to the ellipse XDZ.

9. Every thing remaining as in § 8, let any right line, KL (Fig. 4) be drawn in any direction on the *perpendicular plane* which I have already supposed to be elevated on FG: then QJ being drawn through the eye at E, parallel to KL, the points Q and J, in the vanishing lines of the perpendicular plane, will be the vanishing points of the right inclined line KL. If KL be continued until it intersect the perpendicular AL which passes through the nearest point A of the right line FG, then the visual ray EL, intersecting the right-line BV, which is the perspective representation of the perpendicular AL *, will give thereon the point M for the perspective representation of any such point of intersection L; and EM will be a semi-axis, and QJ the corresponding axis of an ellipsis in the periphery of which the perspective representation of any part of the original right inclined line KL will be found.

All this may be closely demonstrated from the nature of planular and cylindrical sections; but at present I shall not obtrude that detail of proof upon your attention, which

* That the representation of any right line perpendicular to the base plane must on the cylindrical surface be a right line, is easily apprehended.

might be rather perplexing than satisfactory to a lady, who is, justly, more interested in the application of geometrical truths to the purposes of embellished Art, than in the elaborate investigations of the mathematician. The Propositions which form this theory may be reduced to the following :

Prop. I. A right line on the horizontal plane directed to the eye in the axis of the cylinder, will be perspectively represented on the surface of the Panorama by a point.

Prop. II. A right line on any plane parallel to the horizontal plane, directed to a point in the axis of the cylinder, will be perspectively represented on the surface of the Panorama by a right line.

Prop. III. A right line parallel to the axis of the cylinder, will be perspectively represented by a right line.

Prop. IV. All other right lines whatsoever will be represented by parts of the periphery of ellipses, one axis of which will be the right line drawn through the eye to the vanishing points of the given right line ; and half the other axis will be the part of the visual ray intercepted between the eye and the perspective representation of the nearest point in the given right line.

Thus, Madam, you will perceive that the theory of panoramic perspective is simple, and dependent on a few propositions which, to a person so intimately acquainted with the principles of perspective as yourself, must be almost self-evident. Permit me to leave them awhile for your contemplation, before I deduce from them those practical inferences which shall be the subject of my next letter. The inconvenience, or indeed, I may almost say, the impossibility of describing ellipses on the cylindrical wall of your summer-house apartment is palpable ; and I know no other resource than that of drawing such lines as may be necessary on a plane surface at first, which may afterwards be bent into a cylindrical form. When the cylindrical surface is thus resolved into a plane, another difficulty arises ; the lines to be drawn on it will be neither ellipses nor right lines, but a species of curves of that sort which in higher mathematics are called transcendental. Yet, notwithstanding these seeming difficulties, the operation will be easy, as I shall have the honor to explain to you in my next letter.

I am, Madam,

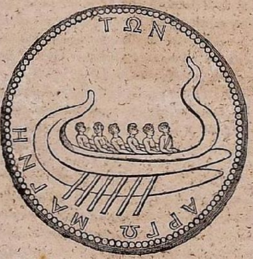
Your obedient and obliged servant,

THOMAS NOBLE.

Blackheath, April 6, 1810.

ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND ARGONAUTICA OF C. VALERIUS FLACCUS.

By Thomas Noble.



The Poem of Valerius Flaccus is the *Argonautica*, of which only part has descended to us. The subject abounds with difficulties, and its incongruities, in some measure, deprive it of that interest which it is the advantage of the genuine epic to possess. But the creations of Genius are not limited by art.—That speculative taste which hath ventured to legislate for the imagination, would frequently perceive how feeble are its deductions, and how unwarrantable its authority, if Genius would dare to soar to Nature herself, who ought to be his guide. Had Valerius Flaccus been fully conscious of his own

FROM ANTIQUE MARBLES.

powers; had his reverence for Virgil not made him so often shrink from himself, and rely for excellence upon the strength of imitation; had he wholly rejected the work of Apollonius, and sought in his own mind the model of his fable; in a word, had the work been entirely his own, there is no doubt, from the strong irradiation of original thought, which perpetually displays itself, that Valerius Flaccus would have produced a poem, which if not strictly epic, would have had as just a claim to have become a precedent in the legislation of criticism as the Iliad, the Odyssey, or the Æneid. The Pharsalia of Lucan, and the Achilleis of Statius, do not displease us on account of their want of a united epic action. It is their turgid language, their extravagant figures which disgust us. Had they looked up to Nature; had they felt with her soul, and created with her hand, they might have seized the delighted attention, although the periods which they describe had been more diffuse, and their incidents even less capable of harmonizing construction. The historical dramas, and indeed many of the other plays of Shakespear, are, in point of plot, more forbidding than the poems of Lucan or Statius, but Nature leads us through every scene, and awakens an interest in every incident. I do not, however, wish to lessen the value of that unity of action which constitutes the Epopee of the critics: I have acknowledged that it is conducive of the highest advantages to the poet: I revere it as the offspring of enlightened judgment; and I regret that in the poem of Valerius Flaccus it appears to be wanting. But I do not believe it to be indispensibly necessary; and I consider that the genius of the author, who can sustain the interest of his narration without it, must be either of a superior cast, or must be more vividly exerted.

Flaccus, in general, pursues the story of Apollonius: in the small connecting passages he almost translates his very expressions: but whenever the theme elevates itself above the tract of mere narration; whenever an object of grandeur—an affecting trait of genuine nature—an awful image of supermundane being, excites his powers, he peoples the lifeless paths of the patient Alexandrian with groups of his own transcendant ideas. The subject which he receives as a torpid mass, dilates itself before the fervor of his imagination: he stamps it with his mind, and makes it indelibly his own. The work of Apollonius is indeed his chart, and he looks up to Virgil as to the heavenly luminary which is to direct his course; but the adventures and honour of the voyage are still his own. Nor does he gaze on the star of Virgil, as the humble mariner fixes his eyes on the distant beams of the pole, regarding it merely as his guide; but like his own immortal Argo, he submits to the direction of a constellation, the brilliancy of which he is conscious that he shall one day emulate.

Flaccus is never, perhaps, inferior to Virgil, but when he too studiously imitates him. He is frequently superior; and I do not hesitate to say, that the Seventh Book of his Poem has never been surpassed. The most tender struggles of the female breast are there so artfully mingled with the sublimity of supernatural agency, that our feelings are awakened with our astonishment; and that most difficult of all the tasks of composition is executed—the combination of natural pathos and terrific grandeur. We shudder at the increasing affection of Medea: her irresolution interests us: her amazement at her father's cruelty, and her fears lest Jason should undertake the labours appointed by her parent, divide our feelings with her's.

The strength of true poetry lies in depicting the emotions of the human heart: traits of affection in all its forms are therefore the most beautiful colourings of Genius. Valerius Flaccus seizes every opportunity that his subject affords, to display his power in such delineations. The parting of Jason and his parents, in the first book; and particularly the description, in the same book, of the infant Achilles, brought by Chiron to his father Peleus, are equal to the best passages of the same kind in any author whatever. Perhaps in very few of the ancients could any thing be found so tenderly exquisite, since it must be acknowledged

that magnanimity and heroic valour more generally form the excellence of the Greek and Roman classics than traits of genuine sensibility. For the same reason Flaccus succeeds in that species of supernatural agency which is the offspring of natural fear, rather than in the machinery of his deities. The mythological divinities had been so much degraded, and were become so trite in his time, that they retained none of that awful respect which attaches to them in Homer and Virgil. He, therefore, introduces them less frequently. In all the poets of antiquity the gods are merely personifications of the passions and attributes of mankind: the sublimity of the idea attached to their power soon vanishes, and the imagination looks for immaterial existences which do not easily assimilate with our own nature.

Julius C. Scaliger, whose general severity does not spare the slightest faults, acknowledges that the *Argonautica* of C. Valerius Flaccus contains specimens of the greatest excellence in poetry. He declares him, in every thing, superior to Apollonius Rhodius; and ventures to compare the storm, in the 1st book of his poem to that in the 1st book of the Æneid. He considers the speech of Jason to Æetes as a most eloquent and interesting harangue; and altho' he says that the poem is, upon the whole, inferior to what he expected to have found it, yet he confesses that it contains so many beautiful parts, that it is difficult to conceive what the height of his expectations could have been. The poem may indeed, when taken as a whole, be thought to want general effect; but it should be recollected that we possess no more than two thirds of that whole. We know not where the author meant to terminate the action: whether it was to have been extended to the marriage of Jason with Creusa, or to have concluded, like the poem of Apollonius, with the voyage. In the former case the plan would have been more complete: the commission of crime, with its dreadful consequences, would have formed one entire subject. But although this extent of the design seems to be intimated in the prophecy of Mopsus, in the first book, and the declaration of Jupiter to Juno, in the fourth,

Go then—call forth the furies, call forth
 Love!
The impious daughter shall my vengeance
 prove—
On me Æetes shall not call in vain——

yet from the opening of the poem it appears that the celebration of the voyage formed the whole of the poet's intention. Prophecies are frequently introduced, and perhaps, like the vision of Adam in Paradise Lost, they may be construed into a more just conclusion of the poetic action, than the termination of the poem itself would have been.

I regret that we know so little of the life of so excellent a poet. Poverty seems to have oppressed him, and to have thrown her deadening obscurity over both his existence and his writings.

We learn that Valerius Flaccus was a native of Padua, from Martial, who addresses the following epigram to our author, by which we understand that, though poor, he was extremely attached to the Muses: an avocation not likely, as Martial intimates, to increase his finances.

O thou, the valued object of my care,
 The hope and nursling of Antenor's town,
My Flaccus, of Pierian songs beware:
 There's not a Muse will give you half-
 a-crown.
To you what's Cyrrha?—what the Thracian
 stream?
 The Roman bar is richer and more near:
There chink the fees:—here steril praises
 teem,
 And kisses are the richest chirpers here.

Juvenal is thought to have alluded to the poem of Valerius Flaccus in the first his satires. This does not seem to me improbable, although Burman assures us that the suggestion has been refuted. The circumstances which the satirist introduces, and of which he says—

Expectes eadem à summo minimoque Poetâ,

apply so accurately to the 1st book of the Argonautica of Flaccus, that I am tempted to imagine he had just heard it recited in the portico of the munificent and learned Julius Fronto. The manner in which he seems to allude to our author's work is, however, not that of condemnation. He merely says that the subjects it contains are common to both good and bad authors; and so frequently hath he heard them, that no man is better acquainted with his own home than he is with the *Grove of Mars, &c.*: he himself therefore prefers the more manly theme of satire.

By the commencement of the Argonautica we perceive that our author was one of the Quindecim-Viri, whose office it was to preserve, inspect, and interpret the books of the Sybils. It has also been concluded by most of the learned commentators, that the poem was begun under the reign of Vespasian, to whom it appears to be addressed; but Dodwell, in his *Annales Quintilianei*, has brought forward such collateral evidence, as inclines me to agree with him in believing, that the work was commenced while Domitian was Emperor.

The two additional names of Setinus and Balbus, which, it appears, are found in the most ancient manuscript extant, have created much confusion among the commentators. It is asserted that five names were not in use among the Romans, until the century succeeding that in which Valerius Flaccus lived; and Heinsius conceives the appellation of Setinus Balbus to have belonged to some philologist who corrected the copy, or to the possessor of it. The truth is scarcely worth a deep investigation; nor does it hardly deserve to be mentioned that some silver coins, bearing the effigies of a youth, with the inscription C. VALERII FLACCI, have been found, which by J. Baptista Pius is thought to be intended for our author; particularly as a figure on the reverse, which he calls Ceres, is interpreted by him as a strong reference to the mystic ordinances of the Quindecim-Viri. Heinsius, on the contrary, assures us that no coins of honor were struck after the reign of Tiberius, in the name of any except the family of the Emperors, and declares the figure on the reverse to be that of Victory and not of Ceres, and, therefore, without any allusion to the author of the Argonautica. Heinsius, however, acknowledges that coins in honor of the Quindecim-Viri, as a body, were struck; those in the reign of Vitellius bear the countenance of the Emperor; and on the reverse, a tripod between a dolphin and a crow, with the inscription XV VIR : SACR : FAC.

That Valerius Flaccus died in the latter end of the reign of Domitian, is certain, since Quintilian, who laments his death as a recent loss to the literary world, completed and published his Institutes about that period. It is doubtful, however, whether the Argonautica was left incomplete, or whether the ravages of ignorance and barbarity have reduced it to the state in which we possess it. If we suppose it to have been begun under the reign of Vespasian, twelve years must have elapsed between its commencement and the death of its author; a sufficient period, indeed, for him to have finished his design. There is a beautiful passage in the sixth book, where he compares the confusion occasioned by the chariots of Ariasmenus to the confusion of civil discord instigating the Roman Legions to mutual destruction. —If we suppose this to have been written soon after the taking of Rome by the troops of Vespasian, under Antonius and Mucianus, its interest will be the greater: it will also be an argument in favor of those, who think the work was once complete, since it will shew that it was considerably advanced at a very early period of the Author's life. The lines are these:

As when Tisiphone with fatal ire
Doth Roman legions, and their sovereigns
fire:
'Mid either battle's dreadful ranks appear
The Roman eagle, and the Roman spear:—
The frowning warriors of each adverse band
Till'd the same soil—the same their parent-
land—
The same sad Tiber from his flowery leas
Call'd them to wars,—but not to wars like
these.

ALPHONSO; OR, THE NATURAL SON.

(Continued from page 373.)

CHAP. XXX.

DURING the conversation between Herminia and the Baron, the Duke and Duchess, as she had foreseen, interrogated Zoa respecting the circumstances she had imparted to them, and from her answers were convinced that their niece really favoured the attachment of Alphonso and Zoa. They conceived that the only means of preventing Herminia from bestowing on her the half of her fortune, would be immediately to marry her to the man they had chosen for her. They had never ceased to hope that with perseverance it would be possible to overcome the repugnance which Herminia felt towards the Count d'Olmene, if she had no preference for another; and when her romantic friendship for Zoa had been diminished, or wholly eradicated, by her young friend entering into an alliance which she did not approve, and which would remove her to a distance: for the intended husband of Zoa proposed passing seven or eight months with her at Bordeaux, after their marriage. In short, the Duke had a powerful and peculiar interest in hastening the marriage. The Duchess was acquainted with this circumstance, and concurred with the Duke in acquainting Zoa that she must prepare herself to receive, in two days, the hand of the man they had destined for her.

Zoa wept; but they remained inflexible, and hurried forward the necessary preparations for the celebration of the nuptials at the appointed time. Meanwhile, the unfortunate girl was shut up in the Duchess's apartment, and debarred all intercourse with any, except in presence of the family.

Count d'Olmene, who returned before dinner, was informed by the Duchess of every thing which had passed in his absence. He detested Alphonso, and fell into the most violent rage, protesting that Herminia deceived not only Zoa, but every one else; that the offers she had made were mere artifice; and that she really loved Alphonso. He added, that Herminia, so far from disapproving the marriage of Zoa, would in reality desire it; but that he himself would offer Zoa's hand to Alphonso, with an establishment in one of the provinces, and a considerable fortune; that if he had the insolence to refuse it, he would chastise him with ignominy; and that they would be able immediately to marry Zoa, without farther opposition on her part, since the refusal of Alphonso must convince her that she was not beloved by him.

"We have thought of all that," replied the Duchess; "but are you really of opinion that if this marriage take place, Herminia would really bestow on them the half of her fortune?"—"That's a good story! People do not so readily part with sixty or eighty thousand livres a-year."—"She is, however, very romantic—very obstinate." —"My father has a right to prevent her commiting such a piece of extravagance. —She must wait till she comes of age. I believe not a word of this foolish donation." —"Herminia is excessively vain, and delights in performing extraordinary actions; the very idea of being a benefactress will give her pleasure. Besides, she delights in opposing our wishes, and avenging Zoa for your foolish attempt upon her."

Here the Duchess began to reproach her son for the imprudence of his conduct, and talked of morality and religion. The Count at first assumed a jocular tone, afterwards he became more serious, and by a few caresses obtained her pardon. He even assured her that in this affair he would be guided by the opinion of his parents; and left the Duchess, who was about to dress, saying he would walk in the garden till the hour of dinner; instead of which, he proceeded to the chamber of Alphonso, whom he found preparing to go out.

ALPHONSO.

It was the intention of the Count to behave towards Alphonso with politeness, and even to attempt to gain him over to his purpose by magnificent promises; but the hatred he felt towards him, united to wounded pride and the natural arrogance of his disposition, prevented his adhering to this resolution, and the moment he beheld him, he was actuated by the most ungovernable rage, and by a desire to humble this supposed rival.

Alphonso, surprised at this unexpected visit, coolly enquired what were his commands. "You shall know," replied he, in the most impertinent and arrogant tone, at the same time drawing forward a chair, not with the intention of being seated, but in order to support himself, for he trembled with rage. "M. Dormeuil," he continued, "my mother has just now related to me a very extraordinary story, of which you are the subject. It is truly astonishing how you should have dared to raise your views to a lady related to the Duchess d'Olmene.—However, as this little girl is not a very near relative, and as her birth, though honest, is very obscure, my father, with a liberality and goodness which ought to astonish you, consents to bestow her hand upon you.—Zoa, through the generosity of my father, possesses an estate of eighty thousand francs, added to which, she will receive a purse of twenty, beside a handsome present of jewels: in short, before the expiration of three months, a lucrative situation shall be procured for you: but you must set off immediately to Besançon, accompanied by my secretary, in order to prepare the necessary papers before your marriage. I will order a post-chaise, and bear the expenses of your journey. Are you ready? Is this proposal agreeable to you?"

When the Count had ceased speaking, Alphonso seated himself, which appeared extremely rude to the young Lord, who rested one knee on the chair, and supported his right hand on the back of it, which he held in equilibrium. Alphonso displayed not the least sign of impatience or emotion; but seeing the conversation would be prolonged, and that the Count had fixed himself in that manner, he determined to sit down.

"Have the goodness, Sir," replied he, "first to inform me by what means this ridiculous history which you speak of was discovered."—"By a letter of your's, addressed to Melvil, in which you mention a *mutual attachment*; it would otherwise have been impossible to conceive that you could have been guilty of the temerity of declaring yourself her lover. But on questioning the girl on the subject, she confirmed the idea."—"So, Sir, I find my letters have been intercepted and opened."—"We shall talk another time respecting this circumstance, when you will be convinced that suspicions of a very serious nature authorised your benefactors and masters to employ such means, to satisfy themselves respecting your conduct."—"Nothing, Sir, can authorise an improper action: besides, I have in this house neither master nor benefactor. I was never in the employment of the Duke d'Olmene: he promised me his protection, and for more than a year I have voluntarily performed the office of his secretary"—"M. Dormeuil," said the Count, interrupting him, and raising his voice, "believe me, in this discussion I am come, not to hear from you moral digressions, but to demand a frank and positive reply."—"Then, Sir, I never render an account of my sentiments or actions except to my friends; nor can I think of disposing of myself, without consulting my parents."—"A vile bastard has no parents."—On this, Alphonso arose, saying, "A bastard frequently possesses more dignity of sentiment than a legitimate child; and if, after having insulted me in your own house, you refuse me satisfaction, I will proclaim you to the world as an insolent scoundrel."—"You may do so," replied the Count, with a bitter and sarcastic smile, "but know, Sir, that a man of my rank is only obliged to measure his sword with a gentleman."—"A man of your rank! Are you not, then, an infamous coward, to insult an inferior? God is my witness, that from respect to the rights of hospitality I have displayed as much moderation as is consistent

with the character of a man of honour. Besides, thank Heaven, I am only a stranger in this house, without any stipulated engagement, or any employment whatever. I can depart as soon as I please. I had the honour, about two hours ago, of writing to the Duke d'Olmene, to inform him of my intention to leave his house, and was just departing when you entered. Thus, Sir, if you do not by a formal apology repair the outrage which you have committed, or grant me the satisfaction I demand, I repeat to you, that I will every where proclaim you a poltroon and a coward."—"You will repent this, I promise you. But as I will not make the apology you require, and as I must pass the day at home, in order to lull suspicion, I will meet you to-morrow morning at day-break, behind the Chartreux. I shall be attended by my valet only, and therefore shall expect you will be accompanied by no one but your negro servant." Saying this, he departed, and Alphonso heard him humming a tune as he descended the stairs.

"Contemptible bravado! Brutal ferocity!" said Alphonso: "I fear not death—I, who have nothing to expect, in future, but the most painful sacrifices, and the most insupportable mortifications; but in opposition to all my principles to be compelled to give a challenge—to run the risk of being a murderer—of destroying the only son of a man who gave me an asylum in his house!—of carrying horror and desolation into his family, and by this action, inexcusable in the eye of morality and religion, embittering the remaining days of her who gave me being!—And you too, feeling Herminia, what will be your sufferings, when you are informed of my death, or of that of my rival!—This event will be related in a thousand different ways, and may, perhaps, injure even your reputation!—Ah, barbarous and sanguinary point of honour, into what anguish do you not plunge a mind alive to the feelings of virtue and humanity! But, great God! might I not have prevented this irreparable misfortune? I should have avoided this young man, intoxicated with pride and anger; I ought rather to have left this fatal mansion—yes, I ought to have torn myself from it, the moment I discovered the sentiments of Herminia. I promised Melvil carefully to avoid any particular intercourse with her, yet I have sought every opportunity of being in her company! Ah, how culpable and unfortunate I am! But the die is now cast. Placed between crime and dishonour, and already contemned by the world, I yet had not sufficient courage to immolate on the altar of virtue a barbarous prejudice, though I could brave the reproaches of my conscience, and the suggestions of humanity."

On saying these words, Alphonso rushed out of his chamber, and hastily descending a private staircase, crossed the court, and getting into a hackney coach, ordered the man to set him down at the house of Melvil, in the Champ-Elysées. This nobleman had departed a few days before for England, and was not expected to return for three weeks, but he was received by the housekeeper as the most intimate friend of her master.

In the course of the day Alphonso experienced a new source of sorrow, by receiving a letter from Melania, in which she informed him that Dormeuil had suffered a stroke of apoplexy, and that his life was despaired of. Melania was plunged into the deepest sorrow, and Alphonso could not fly to comfort her.

"Alas!" said he, while shedding a torrent of tears, "in losing him who has ever cherished her as the tenderest of parents, she will look to me for consolation, and I, by my conduct, must add another pang to her heart, already lacerated by affliction.—O God! in a few hours this hand, now innocent, will be stained with blood! This sword, which I am prevented from employing in the service of my country, will to-morrow arm a murderer!"

These dreadful reflexions harrowed up the mind of Alphonso, and penetrated his soul with the deepest remorse: nevertheless, he was unacquainted with all the horrors of this duel, since he knew not that he was about to lift his hand against the life of a brother.

Many misfortunes are doubtless inevi-

table, but there is no fatality in guilt, as it is always in our power to avoid its commission. Imprudence, indiscretion, or the indulgence of some weakness generally leads to it. Let us not then attribute to necessity that of which we ought only to accuse ourselves.

CHAP. XXXI.

Leaving Alphonso, stung by unavailing sorrow and bitter remorse, let us return to the mansion of the Duke d'Olmene.—— Herminia, on descending the stairs in order to take a walk in the garden before dinner, was met by Juba, who had been watching for an opportunity to deliver into her own hand a letter from his master, and which she no sooner received than she hastily returned to her chamber, and having opened it, read as follows:

"I can neither dissemble, deceive, nor endure the scrutiny of those whom I have ceased to esteem; but as I have no fixed employment in this house, I consider myself at liberty to leave it without any previous intimation, and am accordingly about to depart this moment, in order to rid myself at once of their ungenerous importunities.—— With respect to the strange project you have deigned to form for my establishment, it is all a chimera; I feel myself an isolated being on the face of the earth, and it is my earnest wish to remain so. Farewel! Oh, may every happiness be in store for you!—Once more farewel!—Forget the unfortunate Alphonso."

Herminia bathed the billet with her tears. It was now only that she fully perceived all the consequences of her imprudent conduct. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed she, "I am the sole cause of all those events which have deprived this unfortunate young man of a powerful protector, and doubtless of the situation that was promised him!—— Where will he go? What will become of him? Melvil is absent! How severe and affecting is this short note! What elevation of soul and purity of principle does it express!——But I will not lose sight of my project; I will communicate it to Melvil, on his return, who will second my views, and prevail on him to acquiesce in them; and I can make up to him the want of fortune!"

It was this idea alone that could soothe the grief of Herminia: she had resolved to remain in her own apartment during the day, but the departure of Alphonso determined her to join the family at dinner; and she exerted herself to assume a serene and cheerful aspect. This species of restraint is painful towards those we love and esteem, but it is easily practised in company with individuals whom we despise; because their very presence shuts up the heart, and we even find a sort of consolation in deceiving them respecting the real state of our own feelings; since we are aware our sorrows would afford them a subject of triumph.

In consequence of previous invitation, a large party was this day assembled to dinner at the Duke's. Zoa appeared amongst them with a pale visage, and her eyes red and swoln with weeping; nevertheless, so strictly was she watched by the Duchess, that she durst not approach Herminia. Immediately before dinner, however, the doors of the drawing-room were thrown open, and the Princess de —— announced. While the Duchess rose to receive her, Zoa hastily approached Herminia, and said in a hurried and low tone of voice—"I am lost—save me!—I am to be married the day after tomorrow; the contract is to be signed tomorrow evening."

Having uttered these words, she hastily resumed her place, while Herminia secretly resolved to exert every effort to rescue her young friend from such unexampled tyranny.

The Count d'Olmene, anxious, in the mean time, that no one should suspect that he was to fight a duel on the following morning, informed his parents that he was engaged to pass two days at the house of a friend, whom he named, ten leagues from Paris. In the evening, therefore, having ordered post-horses to be procured, he took leave of the family, entered his carriage, and departed, as they supposed, for the country; but after having passed through two or three streets, he stopped the postillion, and gave orders that he should be set

down at a house in St. Germain, where he had determined to sleep, with the view of being ready at day-break to meet Alphonso behind the Chartreux.

CHAP. XXXII.

Herminia for the last two years had been permitted to pay morning visits to her female friends, unaccompanied by any one except an old governess who had brought her up from a child. On the following morning she arose about six o'clock, and having hastily dressed herself, departed, without mentioning her design, or informing them where she intended to go. Herminia repaired to the house of the Duchess's sister, Baroness d'Olberg, a lady for whom she entertained the highest esteem, and one who had always shown the most sincere and lively friendship for Zoa. The Baroness, who lived in the most retired manner, was just risen when Herminia entered her chamber, and was astonished and agitated at receiving such an early visit. To her questions Herminia promptly replied that she came to intreat her to exert all her influence to prevent the Duchess from rendering Zoa miserable thro' life, by forcing her to marry contrary to her inclination. "I know," replied the Baroness, "that this marriage is to take place to-morrow morning, but I was not informed that Zoa had shown that repugnance to it of which you speak."—"Well, Zoa is miserable."—"It must be mere childishness, as this marriage is extremely advantageous, and the bridegroom is, beside, young and handsome."—"She loves another."—"Ah! what do you say? At her age? She is only sixteen."—"She nevertheless passionately loves M. Dormeuil."—"What Alphonso, who has neither fortune nor employment?"—"As I never intend to marry, I have offered to make over to Zoa, in the event of this marriage, the half of my fortune. You know that I have two estates of equal value; I will give her the one situated in Languedoc, the chateau on which is very magnificent, and the rents amount to upwards of sixty thousand livres a-year. I have already made known this intention to the Duke and Duchess, and it is on that very account that they force her to marry another. They still flatter themselves that I shall be prevailed on to espouse their son, but I will rather die. They are anxious to preserve my fortune entire, in the hope of one day enjoying it. They deceive themselves. You know, Madam, that I am capable of persevering in a generous resolution, and this intention was not lightly formed."

During the discourse the Baroness burst into tears, whilst her features expressed surprise, astonishment, and the most violent emotion. "Yes, my dear Herminia," cried she, "I believe you. So fully persuaded am I of your sincerity, that I will not even attempt to combat this extraordinary proof of sublime friendship. But, great God! what will be your surprise on learning on whom you bestow this heroic gift! Oh, can I conceal from you the only secret of my life? Ought no maternal gratitude to support me under the afflicting idea of losing your esteem?"—"Ah," said Herminia, "nothing can alter the sentiments I entertain for you. Confide in me."—"Well, then, Zoa——"—"Proceed." "Is my daughter."—"Great God!" cried Herminia, bursting into tears, and throwing herself into the arms of the Baroness: "Zoa will then be still more dear to me."

At these words the Baroness pressed Herminia to her bosom with the most mournful expression. "My young friend," said she, "judge of my attachment to you, in having confided to your bosom a secret which for seventeen years I have concealed with the greatest care."—"And you have had the fortitude to conceal it from Zoa?" "Alas! I can claim no merit from this circumstance. What a fatal confidence would it have been to a child, in whose tender mind we wish to instil the pure and rigid principles of virtue! I was anxious that she should not know, even by name, the lapse of which I was guilty, and that such conduct might always appear to her as inconceivable and without excuse. Under such circumstances, how could I have said to her, 'You must love, respect, and esteem me as a mother?"—"What!" repeated Herminia,

occupied alone by this extraordinary discovery, "what, are you her mother? The gentle and affectionate Zoa, then, owes to you her existence! Ah, her heart then whispered to her the truth. She adores you. Often have I seen the Duchess jealous of an attachment which Zoa had not the art to disguise.—But is the Duchess acquainted with your secret?"—"She and the Duke are my only confidants. At least, I was not a faithless, perjured *wife!* Zoa was born previous to my marriage. Though well born, I found myself early in youth reduced to the most deplorable situation imaginable, by my weak and culpable conduct, and threw myself into the arms of my sister, who had been married several years, and confessed to her my error. On this occasion she was prudent, compassionate, and displayed all the affection of the most tender sister. She gave out that the waters of Plombieres were deemed necessary for my health, and accompanied me thither herself. There Zoa first saw the light, and by a combination of the most prudent precautions my melancholy secret was concealed. An old and very necessitous relation of our family, who lived in a distaut province, in consideration of a pension which I settled on her for life, consented to receive Zoa as a reputed niece, without being made acquainted with the name of her mother. At the termination of five years my sister and her husband agreed, at my earnest solicitation, to receive my child into their family. I not only wished to have her near me, but I was likewise anxious that she should receive a good education. When Zoa arrived at Paris, the prudence of my brother-in-law deprived me of the pleasure of embracing her for fifteen days. I was at Fontainbleau, and the Duke insisted that I should remain, as usual, till the return of his family. In short, on arriving at Paris, I beheld this beloved child in my sister's dressing-room, without witnesses. How interesting and beautiful did she appear to me! She viewed me with a sort of dread, doubtless from the strange expression of my countenance; but on presenting her with various little baubles, which I had brought for the purpose, she lavished on me the most tender caresses.—Of how many delightful sensations is a guilty mother deprived! On examining my child, I saw with satisfaction that her features neither resembled mine nor those of her father. Family resemblances, which convey so many pleasing ideas to legitimate parents, would, in my situation, only have overwhelmed me with confusion and distress. So true it is, that the crime which brings into existence such children, overturns all the feelings and laws of our nature; it weakens or destroys the sweetest enjoyments of a mother; it ravishes from her bosom every spark of maternal pride, while it enfeebles, or totally eradicates from the minds of children every species of filial respect. It is the mother who ought to be humble in the presence of her child; for in making the humiliating confession of her birth, she must necessarily implore indulgence. Her instructions must be without weight; she cannot speak of virtue without condemning herself, nor enforce any moral precept without blushing for her own shame. To ensure obedience, dare she invoke the gratitude of her offspring? Alas! what do they owe to her?—a disgraceful existence. Besides, if an illegitimate child acquires a distinguished reputation by talents, virtue, and good conduct, his mother cannot share in his success or his glory. What a sad reverse in the natural order of things! She cannot be proud of her child, because she cannot acknowledge him without dishonor!"

Here the tears of Madame d'Olberg interrupted her speech, and Herminia wept with her. In a few moments, however, she resumed her recital.

"The affection of Zoa towards me," she continued, "appeared to equal what I felt for her, and to become stronger as she advanced in years; and I soon perceived that the Duchess, who had loved her in infancy, began to be displeased at the preference she evinced for me on every occasion. In a short time she began to blame those testimonies of affection which I bestowed on my child, under the pretence that such marked affection would betray my secret. I endeavoured, however, to identify my maternal

feelings for poor Zoa with the friendship I entertained for you. In short, I but too soon observed that my sister had ceased to love her, and that she was evidently unhappy. After I became a widow, however, the Duke redoubled his attentions to me; and Zoa, at least in my presence, was treated with more kindness in the family of the Duke. They knew that I had determined never again to marry, but dreaded lest I should leave the whole of my fortune to my daughter. In speaking to me on this subject, the Duke observed, that both religion and probity forbade me to dispose of my wealth, of which his son was lawful heir, in favour of an illegitimate child; and that all I could be permitted to leave to Zoa was the money I could save from my annual income. I believed this representation; besides, he promised to establish her in a splendid manner, while on my part I solemnly bound myself legally to make over to my nephew the whole of my property, on the day that Zoa should be advantageously married, and consequently she would require nothing further at my hands. In the mean time I reduced my personal expences to mere necessaries, in order to enable me to accumulate a little fortune for this beloved child. But the great expence of her board and education, besides some indispensible charities, have prevented my amassing more than about eighty thousand francs."—"And the Duke," interrupted Herminia, "claims the honour of bestowing on her this fortune, as well as of having defrayed the expenses of her education."—"In order to preserve my secret," replied the Baroness, "she has been obliged to assume the title of her benefactor."—"He plays it too well," rejoined Herminia. "He incessantly repeats that Zoa owes every thing to him; he continually boasts of his generosity, finds fault with her conduct, and treats her unworthily.—Besides, it was easy to say that this fortune was the bequest of a relation. I know not any thing more odious than to assume a merit that we must be conscious is undeserved." —"But, my dear Herminia, we ought not to judge the actions of those too harshly, who have rendered us an essential service." —"It appears to me, my dear Madam, that you have purchased his services at too dear a rate.——But let us speak of Zoa.—Will you suffer them to sacrifice her?"——"No, never," cried the Baroness. "Sooner would I divulge the secret of her birth. I will this instant go to my sister, and insist on this marriage being broken off. I am aware of the violence I have to encounter, but I have the courage to support it."

At these words Herminia reflected a few moments, and then said, "Allow me to open this business, and do not follow me to my uncle's till about two hours hence: only permit me to inform the Duchess that you have confided your secret to me."

The mild and timid Baroness at first shrunk from this proposal, but Herminia earnestly insisted on it; and having at length extorted a kind of half consent, she took a hasty leave, and returned to the hotel d'Olmene.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Herminia, on entering her uncle's house, heard, with inexpressible joy, that the Duchess was gone out, unaccompanied by Zoa. Eager to profit by such a favourable opportunity of withdrawing the latter from the usurped and tyrannical power of the Duke, she formed, at once, a bold and decisive resolution. She instantly repaired to the chamber of the persecuted girl, who no sooner beheld her enter than she threw herself into Herminia's arms, and burst into a torrent of tears. Seizing her hand, she led her to the coach, which still waited at the gate, and having likewise herself entered it, ordered the postillion to conduct them to the Abbaye de Panthemont. The abbess of this convent was a relation of Herminia's, and loved her with the sincerest affection; on her requesting, therefore, an asylum against the most unjust persecution, the gates were immediately thrown open to receive her.

In such cases, the superior of a convent is bound to afford protection to all those who solicit it under the plea of oppression: but those individuals who are thus indebted to the hospitality of the sisterhood are not at

liberty to depart at pleasure, but must remain till the proper judges have decided respecting the justice of their cause.

Herminia had not been above an hour at Panthemont when the Duchess, furious with rage, arrived at the gate. On her return home, she had been informed of the departure of the young ladies, and learned from the porter that Herminia had ordered the postillion to drive them to Panthemont. The Duchess intimidated the abbess by the violence of her behaviour; she assured her that she came not to reclaim Herminia, but to demand Zoa—a child, her relation, whom she had brought up from infancy, to whom she had been a benefactress, and over whom Herminia had no power. The abbess conceiving the complaints of the Duchess well-founded, entreated her to remain in the parlour till she informed Herminia respecting the purport of her visit, which she immediately proceeded to do. Having listened to her relation, Herminia replied to the abbess without the least agitation——"Permit me, Madam, to answer the Duchess d'Olmene's accusations in your presence;" and immediately accompanied her to the parlour.

On their entrance, the Duchess delivered herself up to the most violent transports of rage, and vehemently demanded Zoa, whom she loaded with the most bitter reproaches, which Herminia listened to with the most inflexible patience. At length the Duchess insisted on a reply, adding—"Tell me only what right you have in this child, who is no relation of your's, whom her parents have confided to my care."—"Madam," replied Herminia, "I have the same right as was bestowed on you, and which you have forfeited by your unjust violence."—"How?" —"Yes, Madam, the only individual who has a right to dispose of Zoa, informed by me of the cruel restraint you had put on her inclinations, has accepted the donation which I wished to bestow on her."—"And who may this individual be?"—"The mother of Zoa, with whom I have passed two hours this morning."

This reply petrified the Duchess. It is impossible to depict her consternation. She stammered out a few words, arose, and departed.

The abbess, after witnessing this scene, was perfectly convinced that she had no valid claim upon Zoa; and Herminia suffered her to believe that the mother, of whom she had spoken, was a provincial lady, and a stranger; and in this way she confounded the Duchess, without betraying the secret of Madame d'Olberg.

In the mean time the Duchess, in a state of the most inexpressible vexation and ungovernable rage, flew to the house of her sister, to whom she said every thing that the most outrageous fury could inspire, and concluded by threatening her with the public exposure of her crime. Madame d'Olberg, indignant at her conduct, indulged herself likewise in some reproaches. She declared that she had not authorised Herminia, in the first instance, thus to dispose of Zoa; but that she was now happy she had done so, and was determined that henceforth she should continue under her protection. The two sisters separated in anger. In the course of an hour Herminia received a letter from the Baroness, in which she formally invested her with all those rights over Zoa which her generous and intrepid conduct so well merited. Thus the most wonderful events are often brought about by a collision of the most opposite characters. The gentleness and timidity of Madame d'Olberg, the rage and impetuosity of the Duchess, the decision and fortitude of Herminia, all concurred in extricating Zoa from the tyranny of her aunt, and rendering her young and generous friend the arbitress of her future destiny.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Ah, how vain are the promises of terrestrial joy, which mortals are never permitted to taste, unalloyed with sorrow and distress! Often, alas! when fortune seems to smile upon us, fate, by an unforeseen stroke, dashes the cup of happiness from our lips, by depriving us of every thing we hold most dear on earth.

Herminia, who could only overcome her unfortunate passion by forming the most ex-

alted projects, acquired new hopes respecting the union of Alphonso and Zoa, on finding herself the sole and uncontrouled mistress of the fate of her friend. She pressed Zoa to her heart with an affection truly maternal; they rejoiced together at the triumph she had obtained over the Duchess, while Herminia solemnly repeated her promise of taking the charge of her fortune and happiness. In the mean time the most terrible events, of which she was ignorant, overturned her benevolent schemes, and prepared her for the most heart-rending affliction which the human mind can experience.

Alphonso repaired at day-break, as had been agreed on, behind the Chartreux, attended only by the faithful Juba, and a few minutes after, the Count d'Olmene arrived, preceded by his valet. The combatants fought for a long time with equal success; at length the Count, receiving a wound in his left side, fell, bathed in his blood. Alphonso, who imagined he had pierced his heart, threw away his sword with horror, exclaiming:—"My God! I have murdered him!"

The valet flew to his lord, and exclaimed he yet breathed; on which Alphonso darted towards the unconscious Count, and tearing his handkerchief, bound up the wound. He then assisted in placing him in his carriage, and the valet, according to the orders he had received, in case his master should be wounded, not to proceed to the hotel d'Olmene, caused him to be conducted to the house of a celebrated surgeon, who lived near that part of the city. Alphonso, thunderstruck, returned to the Champs-elysées. On entering his chamber he endeavoured to reflect on the part he should take; but remorse, uneasiness, and grief, absorbed every faculty of his mind. He was distracted with the most melancholy images, which, in spite of every exertion, continually presented themselves to his disordered imagination. Sometimes he beheld the expiring Count, and witnessed the distraction of his family—sometimes the groans and reproaches of Melania resounded in his ears—and again the dignified, the feeling Herminia, accused him, weeping, with having sullied her reputation.—He paced his chamber with hasty strides; sometimes stopping, and remaining immoveable with horror, at the hideous picture his fancy presented to him. He thought of writing to Melania, and took up a pen to execute his purpose; but no sooner had he traced a few lines, than he tore the paper in pieces. In the midst of his grief he was informed that the Count's valet wished to see him—he shortly after entered, and on being left alone with Alphonso, "Sir," said he, in a hesitating manner, "you have done me a service on two or three occasions, and I come to offer you very useful advice:——Save yourself—fly into some foreign country—my poor master is dead!"—"Gracious Heaven!" cried Alphonso.—"Yes, Sir; he a few minutes ago breathed his last!—His family must know it this evening.—Save yourself."

On saying this the valet departed, weeping. Alphonso sunk into a chair.—"It is all over, then! I have committed an irreparable crime! I have shed the blood of a fellow-creature? Ah! how I curse the memory of him who gave me being! Great God! these terrible names, which I never heard without horror--homicide--murderer—these names are henceforth mine! and for what? for an expression dictated by anger, and a jealousy but too well founded, I have cut off the only son of my protector, the sole hope of an illustrious family!"—Here tears, for the first time since this fatal event, flowed in torrents from his eyes. In a few minutes he heard the sound of a carriage enter the court-yard. Without reflecting on its impossibility, he imagined it was Melvil returned from England. — "Heavens!" cied he, "where shall I conceal myself? where can I fly to avoid his presence? Oh! at this moment the sight of a friend would give the finishing stroke to my misery!"

Here the door of the chamber opened, and the Duke d'Olmene entered. Alphonso arose, but the moment he cast his eyes upon the Duke, he perceived that he was still unacquainted with his loss. He had not even the slightest suspicion of what had happened. He imagined that his son had

really departed for the country seat of his friend; but knowing the mutual dislike of these two youths, which he attributed in a great measure to the folly of the Duchess, he always entertained some fears on this account, and these was now augmented by the sudden departure of Alphonso, who he supposed was discontented with the treatment he had received in his family. He was very much irritated against him ever since he read his intercepted letter, and he was only prevented from deserting him altogteher by Melvil's having a knowledge of his birth. Melvil was the intimate friend of the favorite minister. The Duke thought that Alphonso and the Count d'Olmene could not fail to meet in company, and that their mutual animosity would most probably lead to some fatal consequences. It was his intention, therefore, to employ the most gentle methods to prevail on the former to leave Paris for a short time.

On entering the chamber the Duke could hardly perceive him, as the window-curtains were closed. He seated himself in an arm chair, requesting Alphonso to be seated likewise, who, unable to support his tottering limbs, sunk down upon the seat from which he had just risen.—"I have a great deal to complain of," said the Duke to Alphonso; "you have suddenly quitted my protection without taking leave, and you have introduced dissension and confusion into my family; I have, therefore, come to prove your respect for me, and which will at the same time be beneficial to yourself. Your presence here is, at this moment, productive of much inconvenience to me. I will not conceal from you that the Duchess d'Olmene and her son are greatly incensed against you; and in order to save myself much troublesome and disagreeable altercation on the account, I wish you to travel a few months in Switzerland. I will furnish you with letters of recommendation, and a sum to defray your expences. Set off, therefore, without delay."

Here the Duke presented him with some letters, and a purse of gold.—"No," said Alphonso, in a tremulous voice, "I will not fly from the country." "I do not mean that you should; I wish you to undertake a journey that will delight and instruct you." "I must remain where I am." "Why? Will you not tell me? This silence—your countenance—all indicate some base design. I must then tell you I expect you to render me an account of your intention respecting my son. Have you formed the odious project of waiting his return, in order to engage him in a quarrel? What still remain silent! agitated too! Ah! well may you be so! Alphonso, a father conjures you to renounce this horrible purpose; and requires your solemn promise that you will abandon it." "I will rather die than deceive you!" cried Alphonso. "Then you are determined on it?" replied the Duke; "but do you not fear my resentment, my vengeance?" "I fear nothing!" "Wretched youth!—I must then inform thee of thy lot. You have hitherto been deceived. He who gave you being is not dead, he exists!" "Ah!"—"This adversary, this enemy, whom you would sacrifice, must be sacred to you." "Why!" "He is thy brother! I, then, am thy father!" At this terrible eclaircissement Alphonso, roused from his stupor, started from his chair, exclaiming "Do my ears deceive me?" "No," replied the Duke, holding him by the arm, "I am thy father!" "Monster!" exclaimed Alphonso, "dare you avow this execrable crime, which dishonors Melania? I have cursed you, believing you were in the tomb, and I will curse you again, now I know you are existing! Thou, who hast profaned innocence, and covered virtue with shame! thou, who hast given me an ignominious existence—who, by enveloping thy guilt in the impenetrable shades of mystery, hast rendered me an incestuous fratricide. But I will punish thee; for learn, that this cherished son of thine is no more—he fell by my hand!" "Wretch?" cried the Duke, "thou shall perish on a scaffold!" "Yes! it is but just that I should quit in ignominy this detested life which I received at your hands. Barbarian! on thy own head will fall the blood I have spilt! I am only the blind instrument of celestial vengeance. Go!—fly! fear my dismal fate. Reflect, that nothing is

wanting to render it complete, but to become a parricide!—Leave me!—Go—I will not attempt to escape: I merit death, and will here await my punishment."

The Duke, who was at first overcome by vexation, terror, and grief, at length, by a powerful effort, arose to depart; but tottering, and unable to support himself, he fell before he could reach the door. Alphonso hastened towards him. "Villain!" said the Duke, in a feeble voice, "do you wish to assassinate me?" Alphonso shuddered at the remark, and without replying, took him in his arms, and placed him on a couch; then violently ringing the bell, ordered Juba to procure instant help. Observing the Duke had fainted, the feelings of nature penetrated his heart, and he regarded himself with inexpressible horror. "My fate is completed; I have caused his death! Unfortunate father! I promise you vengeance: if you no longer exists to pursue me, I will accuse myself. It is not tears thy irritated shade demands; my blood can alone appease it!" Alphonso knelt before the couch, pale and trembling; with one hand he supported his father's head, and with the other applied some essence to his nose. Juba soon returned with a surgeon, who relieved the Duke. In a few minutes he opened his eyes, and starting wildly around him, perceived with astonishment Alphonso on his knees before him, with his eyes overflowing with tears, holding one hand in his, and with the other supporting his head. As soon as Alphonso saw that he had recovered his senses, he arose from the couch. "Let me be conducted to my carriage," said the Duke. The surgeon and Juba supported him in their arms, but Alphonso remained upon the spot immoveable. The Duke, after having proceeded a few steps, felt he could walk without assistance, and leaving the chamber, he entered his carriage, which drove off immediately. So much was Alphonso's mind distracted, he could no longer reflect on his situation. He frequently repeated these awful words: "I have murdered my brother!" and he concluded that he neither could nor ought to avoid the punishment due to this unnatural crime. Whilst he remained buried under affliction which disordered his intellects, the faithful Juba was not unmindful of his master's safety. The Count's valet, on being questioned by him, made no secret of the death of his master. Juba immediately perceived the danger Alphonso was in; and as grief had rendered him incapable of acting for himself, he ran to Melvil's steward, who he knew had orders to supply Alphonso with whatever money he might require. The steward was out, and not expected at home for at hour. On returning to the antichamber of his master, he was terrified at perceiving the Duke's attendants; but he soon discovered they were ignorant of what had happened. After their departure he returned to steward's and waited his return. Juba told him every thing which had occurred, and he immediately accompanied him to Alphonso's apartment, offered him two hundred livres, and advised him to set off, without delay, to join Melvil in England. "My dear master!" added Juba, "every thing is ready; the horses are put to, and we will accompany you the first stage." "No!" replied Alphonso, "I have resolved to wait here." "Wait here! for what?" "Whatever may happen." "But you will be arrested." "Well! it is just; I ought not to avoid it." "But, my dear master! think of Mademoiselle Melania." At this name Alphonso felt a sensation of despair: he started up, and in a menacing tone ordered Juba to leave him. "My dear master," said this faithful domestic, "you cannot terrify me! I love you more than life, I have often carried you in my arms in your infancy! And why should you fall a sacrifice because a stranger has forced you into a duel? Had he even been a relation——" "Leave me!" cried Alphonso; "your words are daggers." He attempted to reply, but Alphonso left him, and went to his chamber. In a short time Alphonso heard him at the chamber door. "I entreat you," said the poor fellow, "to take some of the refreshment I have brought you." Alphonso, in order to free himself from farther importunity, acquiesced. At this moment the steward hastily returned.

"Sir," said he, "the police officers are here with a *lettre de cachet*, to convey you to Pierre-Encise *; but there is time yet; fly by the garden-gate; here is the key and money: take a hackney-coach; repair to the barrier, there you will find a post-chaise, and Lafleur, who will conduct you the first stage. Fly! not a moment must be lost." "Where are the officers?" said Alphonso. "In the great saloon," replied the steward: "I informed them you were gone out." "That's enough, I will attend them:" when, notwithstanding the opposition of Juba and the steward, he left his chamber, and proceeded to the apartment, where he found the Exempt, and three of his men. "I am the person you want," said he, advancing to the Exempt. He then gave Juba a letter for Melania; and departed in the custody of the officer.

CHAP. XXXV.

Any person of distinction, especially a nobleman, could easily obtain from the Minister a *lettre de cachet* for confining, without examination, any inferior person, or even his wife or son. This mode of arrest, which neither tended to promote the ends of public justice, nor to secure domestic peace and confidence, was tolerated from an idea that it was a means of preserving the honor of distinguished families.

The Duke d'Olmene, on leaving Melvil's, flew to the minister's. He instantly obtained a private audience, and a *lettre de cachet*, accompanied by the most rigorous orders to the Commandant of Pierre-Encise, was granted him. Without telling the Duchess what had happened, he sent for his son's valet and coachman, against whom he meditated the utmost severity for having concealed the quarrel between the Count and Alphonso: but the valet disarmed him, by relating the most agreeable and unexpected news. He told his Grace that the Count was not only alive, but that his wound was by no means dangerous. On being removed to the surgeon's he soon recovered his senses, and devised the most unworthy plan to induce his rival to quit France. By his own express orders the Valet spread the report of his death, which overwhelmed the unfortunate Alphonso with despair. The Duke gave a partial account to the Duchess, who did not exhibit much grief at her son's death, though she felt the greatest mortification to think he should have been wounded, which very much increased her resentment against Alphonso. To shut him up for life, within the walls of a prison, seemed too slight a chastisement. She now left the Duke, to see her son, who had just arrived alive at the Hotel d'Olmene. The indiscretion of the Duchess and her domestics soon disseminated the news of the duel over Paris; various accounts were given, all to the advantage of the Count of course. The friends of the Duchess, the Commandant, the Countess, and the Viscountess, mentioned it in every company. In order to render Alphonso odious, two facts were carefully suppressed: one, that previous to this affair he had left the Duke's family; the other, that the Count gave the challenge. They took care not to mention that Alphonso was not engaged in any appointment at the Duke's; but, on the contrary, maintained that while acting as secretary, and loaded with benefits, he had seduced the young Zoa—that Herminia, through her hatred to the Duchess, had encouraged this intrigue, by carrying her off—that Alphonso, in short, had carried his insolence so far as to give occasion for the duel, in which the Count displayed not less moderation than magnanimity. One evening this adventure was discussed at the Viscountess's; the Commander of Jarson descanted on it with the utmost rancour and animosity, as these intrigues had deprived him of the splendid entertainments which would have followed two distinguished marriages.

"I blame the Count," said he, "for having measured his sword with such a plebeian, whom he should rather have caned." "But, Sir," said the Chevalier de Normin, "a few strokes with a cane may be returned; and might prove extremely unacceptable."—"But this task is usually assigned to our

* A strong prison, near Lyons.

valets." "What! arm our servants against a man! That would be to order them to commit assassination?" "Oh! Commandant!" interrupted the Viscountess; "do you know that the Chevalier protects M. Dormeuil?" "I believe, Madam," replied the Chevalier, "that you had the generosity to protect him once."

This severe remark would have embarrassed a provincialist; but the fashionable Viscountess always bore with good humour the most pointed sarcasms. This is the only way to render them harmless, as no one remarks on them, or suspects their intention.

"That is true," said the Viscountess, with an air of indifference; "he displayed so much candour as to interest me in his behalf; and I am persuaded, that but for his intercourse with Herminia, he would have been highly deserving esteem." "What connexion was there between Herminia and Alphonso?" said a lady, who was a stranger to the Duchess. "It is difficult to answer you that question," said the Viscountess. "It was friendship in public, but love in private. Herminia had meetings with him, she wrote letters to him, and all under pretence of speaking to him of Zoa. She broke off her marriage with her cousin, in order to bestow a fortune on this girl, whom she has carried off from the Duke's with a view of marrying her to Alphonso, who has armed himself against the Count, though this young nobleman never solicited the hand of Zoa." "Why this is a piece of folly." "Folly of the most abominable kind—ingratitude—baseness—duplicity—without parallel." "But why does not Madame d'Olmene compel her to restore the young girl?" "Her mother, who resides in the country, has, notwithstanding all she owes to Madame d'Olmene, authorised Herminia to become her guardian. Besides, the Duchess is not anxious to reclaim a girl who has evinced such an ungrateful disposition. It is shameful." "Madame d'Olmene is much to be pitied." "Yes, she has enough to complain of; she is so mild and amiable a woman! It was feared she would have died with grief, on hearing of the conduct of Alphonso toward her son; she has yet not perfectly recovered it." "I believe she is much beloved." "Yes; she is a woman of considerable merit: she possesses a good heart and a solid understanding; and is, in short, every thing she ought to be."

The Viscountess pronounced this eulogium in such a pathetic tone, that the Chevalier de Normin could not help smiling. He recollected he had heard her, only a short time before, draw a very different portrait of the same lady. Females like the Viscountess never hesitate to lavish praise even on those whom they despise, if they can injure the character by it of any one they hate. "It is easy to foresee," she continued, "how this affair will terminate. Herminia will marry Alphonso, and dispose of Zoa to some provincial lover." She concluded the conversation by assuring her friends Alphonso had fled to England.

CHAP. XXXVI.

The Baron de Jussy soon learned the whole story, from the universal clamour raised against Alphonso, Herminia, and Zoa. Notwithstanding Herminia's flight, he had not broke with the Duke; for old courtiers, though they distrust each other, never seriously quarrel for slight causes: he continued to see the Duke as usual, who possessing greater dissimulation than his lady, received him with politeness; but the Duchess, whose natural arrogance was always increased by success, treated him very coolly. It always affords matter of triumph to little minds to have the general voice in their favour. It is not unusual among those who affect to despise and brave the public opinion, when it condemns their actions, to be intoxicated with popular praise. In such a case their friends never fail to exaggerate this public approbation, and give it the appearance of enthusiasm and admiration. In reality, the Duchess believed she occupied every mind, and interested every heart: she persuaded herself her conduct was universally applauded, and that she could not appear in public with her son without exciting the most lively sensations. Thus her hatred as well as her vanity was fully gratified. She thought that every one shared in her indignation and

resentment; but, like those who judge according to their wishes, their passions, and the flattery of their friends, she was deceived. Several females inveighed bitterly against Herminia, only, however, to display their own principles: but the firmness of her conduct as well as Alphonso's, and the intrigue which produced these scenes, afforded general amusement. The world excuses, and often admires, faults of this nature. However, as ingratitude is generally odious, many felt indignation against these young people, whilst others much doubted if they had really received the benefits asserted to have been conferred on them; so the condemnation was by no means general.

The conversation about the Duchess lasted a day or two, and afforded entertainment to the fashionable circles. At length they became disgusted with the incessant complaints of her friends: this introduced to observation all the Duchess's follies, and it concluded by the general agreement that she and the Duke had drawn these misfortunes upon themselves, and that they deserved them.

The Duke's doors were crowded with enquirers, and the Duchess triumphed in the number of her visitors. But persons of distinction alone were admitted; and treated those in the most insulting manner who had taken Herminia's part. When the Baron congratulated her upon the convalescence of her son, she coolly replied: "Yes, I have been very unfortunate, but the public has avenged me," and immediately turned aside from him.

The compliments of the Chevalier de Normin were received in the same way. The Duchess afforded a convincing proof that fashionable manners alone are not sufficient to enable their possessor to bear success with grace and dignity, when unaccompanied with noble and generous sentiments.

In the meanwhile, the Duke's domestic situation became daily more uncomfortable: he was greatly embarrassed respecting the affairs of his niece, and could only answer the objections against the accuracy of his accounts with chicanery, artifice, and falsehood. On the one hand he was enraged at the Duchess for having embroiled him with the Baroness d'Olberg, though he could not pardon the latter for having entrusted her secret and the care of her daughter to Herminia. Nevertheless he dissembled; he even visited her, and endeavoured to reconcile the two sisters; but the Baroness, wholly guided by Herminia, refused the only condition which could cement the reconciliation—that of again placing Zoa in the power of the Duchess, who solemnly promised never again to urge a marriage so contrary to her niece's inclinations. The Duke dreaded the return of Melvil. The Count's death might have excused the utmost rigour towards Alphonso; but he had only been slightly wounded, from which he was now perfectly recovered; Melvil would easily obtain a revocation of the *lettre de cachet*—Alphonso would appear again in society, and, supported by such a powerful protector, be listened to in his turn; he would overturn all that had been said, and enriched by the gifts of friendship, would espouse either Herminia or Zoa.—These reflections determined the Duke to take violent and decisive measures against the unfortunate youth; he obtained an order for him to embark without delay for the West Indies.

As soon as the story of the duel became public, the Baron de Jussy took every possible precaution to prevent Herminia being informed of it, till he had discovered where the vengeance of the Duke had confined Alphonso. He blamed her precipitate departure from her uncle's, and particularly her carrying off Zoa; but she soon justified herself by revealing to him (with the consent of Madame d'Olberg) the secret of Zoa's birth. The Baron was highly pleased on being made the confidant and agent of one whom he so greatly esteemed.

Herminia never exacted any sacrifices from her friends, which she herself, if placed in the same circumstances, would not have willingly acceded to for them: so that in yielding to her wishes, they seemed to be actuated by the desire of justifying the confidence which she reposed in them. Besides, her requests, if sometimes eccentric, were always dictated by sympathetic feelings.

ALPHONSO.

The Baron went to Melvil's, with the view of gaining information of Alphonso; but Juba was gone, and the Baron did not meet with the steward for two days, when he learned, what the public was ignorant of, that Alphonso had been conducted to Pierre Encise. He immediately imparted these sorrowful tidings to Herminia; but notwithstanding the care he took to soften them, by assuring her that he would get the *lettre de cachet* revoked, she was overwhelmed with despair. She accused herself alone as the author of these direful events: she conceived her affection as guilty as it was unfortunate, and her whole conduct inexcusable—Alphonso was its victim! She immediately dispatched two couriers, the one to Melvil, in England, to inform him of what had occurred; the other to Pierre Encise, to learn how Alphonso was situated. She made the Baron promise to use his utmost exertions to obtain his liberty. The same day, without consulting any one, she came to the resolution of bringing her uncle to account respecting her fortune. She wrote to him to say she had formed this resolution without the knowledge of the Baron. This was like a thunderbolt to the Duke, who, knowing the disinterested character of Herminia, had persuaded himself the very contrary of such conduct. He appeared to believe the Baron had no share in this determination; wishing to employ him as a mediator in the affair, resolved to make the greatest sacrifices, rather than it should come before the public; but Herminia was determined to avenge the treatment Alphonso had received, and positively declared to the Baron, that she would enter into no accommodation: however this nobleman allowed the Duke to entertain some hopes that she would. Herminia's resentment was still farther augmented by her anxiety and by the reports which she heard from all quarters of the calumnies which were industriously propagated against herself and Alphonso by the Duke, the Duchess, and their friends. Her attachment to Alphonso, and her wounded pride, rendered all attempts to shake her resolution ineffectual.

CHAP. XXXVII.

The faithful Juba not having left Paris until the day after his master's departure, learned in the interval that the Count was not dead. Enraged against his valet, Juba proposed to fight him, and upon his refusal, snatched his cane from his hand, and after trimming him severely, he left him, mounted his horse, and set out for Franche-Comté.

Mourning for the death of her respected uncle, Melania was far from expecting the terrible blow which awaited her. At the very sight of Juba, however, she experienced the most unpleasant emotions.—"Is he with you? Where is he? Is he sick?" she exclaimed.

With an air of the utmost consternation, Juba delivered Alphonso's letter, which explained nothing; it only contained a few lines expressive of his tenderness, grief, and uneasiness.—Pale and trembling, Melania interrogated Juba, and learned that Alphonso had fought with the Count, whom he had wounded, and that he was detained by a *lettre de cachet* a close prisoner in Pierre Encise.—Alphonso was unfortunate—was oppressed.—— Melania recovered all her courage.—"Go," said she to Juba, "order me post-horses; I will set out immediately."—Juba obeyed, and left her.

"Oh! my son!" exclaimed Melania!—"The monster who gave thee being has barbarously deprived thee of thy liberty then!—Such is the end of all his splendid promises for your advancement!—A tyrannical order has plunged you into a prison, perhaps into a dungeon!—And I delivered you into his inhuman hands!—Melvil desired it, yet now he abandons us: the sea is between us. We have no friend, no protector.—But you have still a mother. I will fly to thy assistance; I shall be sufficient to defend thee. Oh, my son! thou hast shed the blood of a brother! Ah! why didst thou not inform me of thy fatal quarrel! Alas! thou hast a right to reproach me for concealing the name and existence of thy father! Oh! what numberless misfortunes this reciprocal confidence would have spared us! But Melvil and my uncle wished to place thee in that fatal mansion, so it was necessary to deceive thee. Melvil

promised to watch over, and never desert thee; but my tenderness will supply the place of every thing—I shall be capable of every sacrifice. I am now ready publicly to reveal, if necessary to procure thy liberty, a secret so religiously concealed for these nineteen years! To serve thee, how easily shall I vanquish my timidity, and brave all the rage, resentment, and power, of our oppressor!"

These expressions proceeded from a heart wounded with sorrow. Nevertheless, this unhappy mother had the resolution to prepare every thing for her departure, and get together all those papers which might prove useful to her.

Juba returned with the horses. Melania hastily put up what she wanted, and attended by Juba and Zama, immediately set off for Paris.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Melania travelled night and day, but was obliged to stop twenty leagues from Paris for want of horses. When labouring under severe affliction, the greatest consolation is to travel with the hope of obtaining some relief. This gives us energy: but the moment we stop, hope forsakes us, and we yield to all the bitterness of grief. Melania threw herself on a couch, which she bathed with her tears. The sole object of her affections stood in need of her aid, and she was prevented from hastening to his assistance.—Terrible state of inaction, by which all our sufferings are redoubled! Towards midnight Melania fell into the deepest dejection the only calm which succeeds real sorrow, when religion preserves us from despair.—She suddenly ceased to think and reflect, and a restless slumber for a few hours suspended her sorrows.

At seven in the morning she procured horses, and pursued her journey. On her arrival at Paris she stopped at an inn, and after hastily dressing herself in deep mourning, she ordered a hackney coach, and proceeded to the Hotel d'Olmene. Though firmly resolved to obtain an interview with the Duke, she shuddered on reflecting that she was obliged to behold a man now more hateful to her than ever, and that she must of necessity remain alone with him for some time. On reaching the house, the gate was opened to admit a carriage, and when Melania's drew up, she was informed that the Duke and Duchess were out. She was certain of the contrary, not only from having seen the carriage enter, but from having been told by Juba that the Duke always received company on that day. Melania alighted from the coach, and requested permission of the porter to sit down in the lodge to write a note, which was granted. Pen, ink, and paper being given her, she pretended to be writing. In a few minutes a carriage stopped, and the footman announced the Baron de Jussy. The porter went to the gate, and Melania finding herself alone, immediately escaped from the lodge. She perceived the staircase, which she flew toward, and stopped upon the first landing-place, supporting herself by the railing. The Boron's carriage drew up; he alighted; Melania raised her black veil, and grasped the Baron's arm, saying, "Protect me, Sir—I confide in you!"—The Baron, astonished at this strange behaviour, as well as at the beauty of the stranger, said——"Well, Madam, how can I assist you?"—"By procuring me a few minutes' audience of the Duke d'Olmene; I intreat you, Sir, in the name of every thing dear to you; it will be a very humane act. Do not refuse the request of an unhappy stranger, whom the most deplorable events have compelled to take this step, in opposition to the natural timidity of her disposition."—"Then follow me," said the Baron, "and I will introduce you."

At these words, he gave her his arm and led her up stairs, requesting her to wait in the anti-chamber adjoining the drawing-room. "No, Sir," said Melania, agitated, "do not leave me; say that *you* wish to speak to the Duke." The Baron consented, sent a servant with this request, and in a few minutes the Duke appeared. On beholding Melania, whose veil was drawn over her face, he enquired of the Baron the name of the lady who accompanied him.—"Have the goodness," replied he, "to step into your study a moment, and you shall be

told." Melania greatly resembled Herminia in form, and the Duke did not doubt that it was she. The mourning struck him with surprise; but he thought it was some sentimental whim, which proceeded from her being the cause of the duel between Alphonso and the Count. He imagined she was come to intercede for Alphonso; and he determined to profit by this circumstance, to bring about, if possible, her marriage with his son. The Duke led the way to his study. Melania held the Baron firmly by the arm, as if afraid of his escaping; but he was retained by a curiosity he never before experienced. They entered the study; it was broad daylight. The Duke seated himself; Melania and the Baron remained standing; when the Duke immediately began.

"Herminia, I recognize you from the singularity of this act; but let us wave all useless explanations, and superfluous reproaches; I know you are come to request the pardon of young Dormeuil; but having been the aggressor, that will be difficult to obtain. The king is enraged at a dependant in my house, of the meanest rank, having had the insolence to provoke my son, and compel him to a duel. If I leave him to royal severity, he is undone; but I will frankly tell you that it is in my power to save him. Espouse my son; sign the contract this evening, and I will get the *lettre de cachet* revoked. I will set Dormeuil at liberty, consent to his marriage with Zoa, and add a hundred thousand franks to her fortune; but without your alliance with my son, I will not intercede for him; for I have no reason to employ my influence for one who has rendered himself unworthy of my benefits by his ingratitude."

We may easily conceive the various emotions which shook the soul of Melania during this address: but she had the fortitude to listen without interrupting him, and profited by the Duke's error, in order to discover his intentions respecting Alphonso. When he had ceased, for answer she drew aside her veil. The appearance of a horrid spectre could not have caused greater terror to its persecutor than did the sight of those angelic features, which twenty years had not been able to obliterate from his memory. Melania was little more than thirty, and from her mode of life her beauty was still in its meridian. The Duke turned pale, started from his chair, then sunk back, and covered his face with his hands. The wonder-struck Baron knew not what to think of all this; nevertheless he considered it incumbent on him to retire, but Melania prevented him.

"Do not leave me," she exclaimed; "I must not remain alone with this man: I must have a witness. The impostor dared to say that he had no inducement to interest himself!—This ill-fated youth is indebted for his being to violence committed on a child of thirteen.—Alphonso is my son, and that barbarian is his father."

This declaration drew tears from the eyes of the Baron—his pity and admiration for Melania was only equalled by the horror and contempt with which the Duke's conduct inspired him, and his features fully expressed all he felt on the occasion. The enraged Duke arose; anger overcame shame, and he incoherently vented threats against Melania.—"Be calm, Sir," said the Baron; "and as to you, Madam, rest assured I will defend you."—"Oh! I do not wish it," interrupted Melania, who dreaded being the cause of a duel.—"But, Sir," continued she, "you, whose name I am ignorant of—you, who without knowing me, introduced me here, remain only a witness; I wish no defender but my innocence and misfortunes."—Then turning towards the Duke—"I require of you," said she, "to write instantly to the minister, to ask him to revoke the order issued against my son. I myself will be the bearer of your note: if I obtain the order for his release, I promise you the most inviolable secrecy as to this *eclaircissement*, and the birth of Alphonso; and I also solicit secrecy in this respect from this generous stranger. But if you refuse me, or if the minister rejects the petition, I will carry my complaints to the foot of the throne; I will prove their justice by your two letters addressed to my uncle.—Nothing shall withhold me; modesty, not shame, has hitherto induced me to conceal this base affair; but the crime was your's, not mine.—What do I

say? one crime! ah! how many have I not to disclose! The miserable end of Sanita,—the blood of one of your sons—brothers, strangers to each other, become fratricides without knowing it!—Unnatural parent!—you beheld their enmity with indifference.—What means did you take to reconcile them?—and you have sacrificed him without mercy, though your son. Monster, you say his life is at stake! and you solicited the order which deprived him of liberty, and puts his life in danger. What! do you wish to see him perish upon the scaffold?—a virtuous and amiable youth of nineteen, and your own son! In the lap of prosperity you live without remorse, but a wretched mother predicts you will not die unpunished. Lose no time; decide immediately." The Duke, quite beside himself, still hesitated.—"Reflect on it," replied Melania, "I will assuredly dishonour you in the eyes of the whole world! the deceitful structure of your fictitious virtues will crumble into dust!—You robbed me of honour—restore my son, and I will pardon you. Do not rely on that modesty which has hitherto made me conceal my misfortune. My son has no protector but me; he is in danger; can I fear to confess myself his mother? Restore to me my son!" she madly exclaimed.

"Well!" said the terror-struck Duke, "what must I do?"—Melania gave him a pen, and with a trembling hand he wrote what she dictated.

As soon as she received the letter, she hastily retired, followed by the Baron, who, as they descended the stairs, offered to attend her to the minister's at Versailles.—"No," said she, "I do not wish to involve any one. I thank you, I will go alone; but I shall never forget your generosity, and the service you have rendered me."

The Baron requested her address, that he might inquire about her success; and after taking leave of her, he flew to Panthemont to inform Herminia of this strange event.

CHAP. XXXIX.

The Baron, though naturally calm, entered Herminia's parlour in such a state of agitation as greatly surprised her. On being questioned about the cause, he at first only informed her he had learned the agreeable intelligence that Alphonso would soon recover his liberty. But in a little time he entered into a long detail of the adventure he had witnessed. He was frequently interrupted in this narration by Herminia, whose indignation against the Duke was extreme, while she felt the greatest interest for the safety of the young and amiable mother of Alphonso.

"My dear Baron," said she, "why did you not follow her to Versailles?"—"She would not permit me." "But how will she be able, unknown, and without a protector, to obtain an audience of the minister?"—"On presenting a letter from the Duke, she will be instantly admitted; then with her beauty, good sense, and engaging manners, she will not fail to obtain every thing."—"Does she know that her son is at Pierre Encise?"—"Yes, and on her return from Versailles, she intends to be the welcome messenger of his liberation."—"She may perhaps be in want of money!—Ah! my friend, do not suffer her to undertake this journey alone; she will stand in need of protection—accompany her."

The Baron was surprised at this request, but he knew Herminia's character, that she never proposed any thing lightly, and that no reasoning he could employ would induce her to abandon an idea inspired by humanity. He determined therefore to comply with a good grace, and without offering any useless opposition.

"I will willingly accompany her," replied he, "if she will permit it. I shall not be prevented by the fear of rendering the Duke my enemy; he is the most worthless and detestable character I ever knew."

"And consider," said Herminia, "that Alphonso is the son of my father's brother, and that it is therefore my duty to love and protect him." "This duty shall be fulfilled," rejoined the Baron, smiling, "and I believe Alphonso is a cousin-german much nearer to you than the Count d'Olmene. Several circumstances," continued he, observing her blush, "speak clearly in his favour."

"You will then attend this angelic, this

interesting Melania to Pierre-Encise?"—"You may depend on it."

The Baron did not leave Herminia till half after nine in the evening: they had calculated that Melania could not return from Versailles, even with the greatest diligence, till midnight; and he agreed to wait for her at the inn, promising to inform Herminia of the success of her application, as soon as he should see her.

CHAP. XL.

An unexpected event, however, rendered the precautions of the Baron and Herminia useless. As soon as Melania left the presence of the Duke, who during his interview had been reflecting on the danger of his situation, he clearly perceived, that his ruin would be inevitable if Melania saw the Minister, as the order for the detention of Alphonso had been obtained by the basest falsehoods. Besides, she would learn from the Minister that Alphonso was removed from Pierre-Encise, and by an order from government was embarked for the colonies. What would be the conduct of this affectionate, courageous mother, on learning this terrible news! She was capable of fulfilling all she had threatened. In this extremity he did not hesitate to employ both artifice and violent means to prevent Melania reaching Versailles with the letter she had extorted from him. Immediately she left him, he rung his bell, and sent for the groom, and he ordered him to follow the coach which had that moment left the house, and take occasion to quarrel with the coachman, so as to retard her progress for more than half an hour at least, then watch it to the inn, and afterwards come to him at the house of the Lieutenant of Police, where the Duke would be waiting.

The groom had no sooner departed than the Duke descended into the court-yard, which was full of carriages, and without waiting till his own horses could be put to, he stepped into the Chevalier de Normin's, and gave orders to be driven with the greatest possible speed to the Lieutenant's of the Police. Being immediately admitted to an audience, the Duke solicited him to arrest the infamous courtezan who had produced the recent duel; he requested that she might be lodged for the night in the Convent of Madelonettes; that after she was thus secured, he might have time to proceed to Versailles, to obtain a *lettre de cachet* to confine her for life in a monastery two hundred leagues from Paris.

The Lieutenant of Police, full of condescension to the Duke d'Olmene, did not scruple to render him this trifling service which he appeared to solicit so warmly; and was happy to have it in his power, at so little expence, to afford a proof of his zeal and attachment to him. The Duke saw the necessity of escaping from so pressing a danger. Melania, shut up for life a close prisoner in a convent, guarded like a criminal, and prevented writing, would in vain express her grief and her resentment; while Alphonso, banished to another hemisphere, without protection, without money, would afford very little cause for fear. Old Dormeuil no longer existed; Melania had alluded to his death, which did not escape the Duke, and made him confident that the unfortunate victim of his presecution, without family and without connexions, could never be released.

The Baron de Jussy, it is true, was a dangerous witness; but would he create an irreconcilable enemy for the sake of a stranger? Would he even be at the trouble to inquire into the fate of Melania? Besides, had he even so much curiosity, it would be easy to mislead him. The return of Melvil filled him with greater uneasiness; but it might even be possible to overcome this embarrassing circumstance by artifice and falsehood. In short, anxious to escape present dishonor, he was not to be terrified or retarded by the dread of distant disgrace.

Such were the Duke's reflections; and even during his conversation with Melania, after the first shock was over he reflected on the most ready means of deceiving and ruining her. The Duke had not been above three quarters of an hour at the Lieutenant's of the Police when his groom arrived; he had quite fulfilled his commission. The inn where Melania had taken up her residence

was but a few doors from where the Duke was; he saw her alight, and order post horses; for before she went to the Duke's, she was ignorant where the Minister resided, to whom she was to apply. The Baron informed her he lived at Versailles. The Duke gave the order of arrest to the Exempt, whom he had sent for before the arrival of his groom. This officer immediately departed with four men, and in a few minutes reached the inn. Leaving them at the gate, he ascended alone to Melania's chamber, and told her of the order he had brought with him. Surprise and distress rendered her motionless for several minutes; but recovering her fortitude and presence of mind—"Sir," said she, "this strange order must have been sent in a mistake, may I not at least be admitted to the presence of him who signed it? I am certain I shall be able to justify myself."—At these words the Exempt smiled. "The Lieutenant of Police," said he, "would have enough to do, were he compelled to listen to the reasoning and justifications of all those he arrested. A Lieutenant of Police is a Minister, Madam, and it is not his province to enter into all these little matters."

While the Exempt, with his self-sufficient air, was displaying the dignity of his master, Melania was reflecting on the most probable means of escape from this new persecution, but unfortunately she could think of none. The Exempt urged her to follow him, observing he was ordered to use the utmost dispatch. The unfortunate Melania was yielding to her luckless destiny, when she heard a dreadful tumult in the corridor, and the voice of Juba in a violent rage. She ran to the door, and beheld him with a pistol in his hand, menacing four men whom he had compelled to retire. One of them made some resistance, and Juba with a blow levelled him to the ground.—"Hold, Juba!" cried Melania, "I forbid all violence."—The Exempt advanced to interpose his authority, but Juba threatened him if he did not depart, and leave the lady instantly. The Exempt attempted to seize Melania by the arm. "Touch her at your peril!" exclaimed Juba, throwing himself between them; "I will blow out your brains if you do."—The Exempt retreated; and Melania, lifeless, sunk into the arms of Zama, who carried her to her chamber.

At this moment two young officers, who were supping at the inn, ran up with drawn swords, on hearing the uproar. A little boy them, in passing, that it was occasioned told by an officer of police attempting to arrest a lovely girl, and that her man servant was endeavouring to defend her. On this the officers exclaimed, that since she was lovely she should not want protectors. Sword in hand they flew into the gallery, and put the four men to flight. The Exempt had disappeared at the beginning of the fray, with the intention of procuring a reinforcement. The young officers being left masters of the field, and expecting to find a courtezan, rudely entered Melania's chamber, who was still senseless in the arms of Zama. This lovely female, leaning on the bosom of a negress, presented such a singular picture that, struck with admiration, for a moment they remained motionless: they afterwards went up to her, but their compliments upon her beauty caused a new sort of terror to Melania. She arose to escape.

At this instant the door opened, and a noble-looking man entered, decorated with a ribband—an order so respectable in the eyes of every military man, being the prize of valour. It proved to be the Baron de Jussy. Melania threw herself into his arms, in a transport of joy exclaiming:—"Oh, my deliverer! are you come to save me!"—The two young officers discovered their mistake, and immediately retired.

The Baron was greatly affected on Juba relating the particulars of what had transpired.—"Be composed," said he, "I will take you under my care. It is now near ten, and too late to go to Versailles this evening; but to-morrow I will have the honor of conducting you thither. In the mean time, Madam, I will procure you a safe and comfortable asylum." Melania expressed her gratitude in the most affecting terms. The Baron led her from the house, bidding Zama take a coach, and join them at the Abbey of Panthemont. On descend-

ing the staircase, they met the Exempt returning with twelve alguazils. He knew the Baron, and was greatly astonished at seeing him arm in arm with a female whom they were ordered to convey to the Madelonettes. The Baron told him that the Lieutenant of the Police had been deceived.—"I am going to conduct this lady to the Abbey of Panthemont, where she will be kindly received. You can follow my carriage if you will, and from thence proceed to the Lieutenant's: I will explain this affair to him."—The Baron accompanied this proposal with a purse of twenty-five louis. The alguazils were dismissed; the Baron handed Melania into his carriage, the Exempt seated himself in the coach with Zama, and they all set out for the Convent. The Baron easily guessed the author of this infamous plot; but Melania obstinately persisted in a belief that all was the effect of mistake. She could not conceive such deadly hatred could exist—"For, said she, "it would be impossible to do more, to save one we love!"—Melania was ignorant that Hermina was in the convent, though she learned from the Duke's conversation she was no longer an inmate of his house. She therefore expressed the utmost joy, on learning she was about to behold the amiable girl whom Alphonso loved, and who took such a lively interest in his fate; and the Baron easily anticipated the happiness Herminia would experience on seeing Melania. They arrived at Panthemont. As it was the residence of the Princesses, its outward gates were never shut till half past ten. The Baron conducted Melania into the parlour, and sent to inform Herminia of his arrival, who immediately came down. Melania's beauty, and the resemblance between her and her son, enabled Herminia instantly to recognize her as the mother of Alphonso. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and flew to the grate, stretching out her arms towards Melania.

While these two lovely women, so worthy of mutual tenderness, embraced each other with the most lively affection, the Baron in a few words related what had passed. Herminia ran to the Lady Abbess; a moment after, Melania was admitted into the interior of the convent, and Herminia conducted her to her apartment.

CHAP. XLI.

When two amiable women, between whom no rivalry can exist, become attached to each other, nothing can surpass their enthusiasm, and the pleasure they feel from their mutual confidence. A female can only fully comprehend the feelings of a female.—Melania and Herminia spent the greatest part of the night in conversation. Herminia's dislike to the Duke was changed into horror by Melania's history: when it was concluded, they introduced Alphonso.—Herminia avowed her sentiments and her designs. What delight did she not experience in confiding the secret of her love to one who took such a lively interest in it! She was convinced this secret would not be fully disclosed, though she could not hope for the strictest secrecy: this idea did not, however, lessen her confidence. Melania vainly strove to oppose Herminia's generosity, or at least to moderate it.—"No, no," said Hermania, "I will fulfil with pleasure all I have promised; and is this not enriching myself—to share my fortune with the object I love?—I feel more enjoyment in this affair, in what I give away, than I ever shall in what I possess!—I have fixed my destiny; I shall be happy. I have sacrificed my passion to reason, and to Alphonso's as well as my own reputation. This passion will soon be suppressed, on the union of Alphonso and Zoa. My friendship for that fascinating girl has changed into the tenderness of a mother, since Providence has placed her wholly under my care. All my future happiness is centred in the welfare of both. I shall pass the remainder of my youth far from Zoa and Alphonso. During that period, free and independent, I shall travel though different countries: afterwards I will return to them, and consequently to you; we will form but one family; I shall glory in what I have done, and in the sacrifice of my attachment. Marriage would not have added to my happiness. I am yet aware of the duties of a female; and though I should doubtless have

been a submissive wife, but I should have felt the yoke, and borne it with regret. I reflect, with delight, that I shall remain free, be mistress of my own actions, and have to render an account of them to friendship only."

This conversation was prolonged till day-break, when Herminia prevailed on Melania to endeavour to obtain a few hour's repose. At eight in the morning the Baron was in the parlour: he informed his two friends, that in the evening, after leaving them, he had proceeded to the Lieutenant's of Police, who, in order to excuse the unjustifiable violence which he had been guilty of, did not hesitate to inform him that the Duke d'Olmene had warmly solicited an order to apprehend a courtezan who had been the cause of his son's duel, and who the next day was to be shut up, by a *lettre de cachet*, for the rest of her life.—" See," continued the Baron, " the wickedness and depravity of this man: shame and dishonor will attend this infernal scheme."—" Ah !" said Melania, " if Alphonso be restored, I will pardon him for every thing—I desire no other vengeance."—Melania, after taking an affectionate leave of Herminia, left the convent, and set out for Versailles, accompanied by the Baron.

CHAP. XLII.

Melania and the Baron were admitted to a private audience with the Minister, to whom, without revealing her secret, or complaining of her cruel persecutor, she presented the Duke's letter, and requested the liberation of Alphonso. The Minister, far from imagining that this beautiful female, who did not appear above twenty-five, could be the mother of a youth of nineteen, supposed she was his sister, and that she had softened the Duke's resentment. The presence of the Baron induced the Minister to say something in justification for having so readily issued the *lettre de cachet* in question. With this view he repeated several of the atrocious calumnies related by the Duke of Alphonso; at which Melania, losing all controul over her feelings, exclaimed, that the Duke was a villain, an impostor! The Minister looked at the Baron with astonishment, as if to inquire the reason of this strange behavior.—" These expressions are harsh, but perfectly just," said the latter, coolly; " the lady has proof of every thing she has said. This affair may be made the foundation of a very disagreeful process, in which I may be called upon as evidence."—These words, pronounced in a solemn tone by a man so universally esteemed, made a deep impression on the mind of the Minister. He reflected a few moments, and then said :—" I myself see something very deceitful in the conduct of the Duke d'Olmene ; for example, Madam, he requests me, in a very earnest manner, in this letter, to set M. Dormeuil at liberty, though he is fully aware that he is not at Pierre-Encise, for he solicited, and obtained an order, to have him sent to the colonies."

This information threw Melania into a state of such violent despair, that the Minister was terrified ; and in order to calm her feelings, suggested, what he himself did not believe, that it was very possible this last order might still remain in the prison of Pierre-Encise. He added, he would that instant furnish her with an order for his release. Malania, on receiving this order, said to the Baron : " Since there still remains a ray of hope, I will set off for Pierre-Encise." On leaving the Minister's she ordered post-horses, and was very soon on the road to Lyons, with the Baron as her travelling companion. How long did the road appear, and how much did she suffer, during this afflicting journey ! " O ! my Alphonso !" exclaimed she, " if I find you not there, I will follow you to the sea-port whither despotism has dragged you, and, if necessary, I will cross the seas to rejoin you !—With what courage could I expose myself to all the dangers of the most tedious voyage, to see you once more—to conduct you back !—O thou, whom I brought in thy infancy from another quarter of the world, as the only blessing a cruel fortune had left me, could I hesitate an instant to leave Europe in search of thee ?—No !—Hatred cannot send thee to an inaccessible abode—there is none into which a mother

would not penetrate in search of her child! Wert thou in a desart, or in the most wild and barbarous land, even there I would follow thee!—With the hope of consoling and watching over thee, there is no peril I would not encounter; and what fatigue would be above my strength, on your account!"

Melania, with her eyes raised towards Heaven, and streaming with tears, quite forgot that the Baron was by her side. Absorded by grief, all her ideas were centered in her son. She was no longer alive even to friendship or gratitude. Maternal love seemed to efface every other sentiment, while the fate of this beloved object was involved in doubt.

They at length reached Lyons, and immediately proceeded to Pierre Encise. Melania darted from the carriage. The first object that met her view was Juba, with terror in his looks. He had been sent forward, to ascertain the fate of his master.—"Well," cried Melania, "is he not here? Have they removed him?"—"No," replied Juba, in a tremulous voice, "no, he is here—but——"—"Proceed," said Me- "let me know the worst."—"Alas," replied the faithful creature, "he is insensible —dying!"

At this terrible intelligence a deadly paleness overspread the features of Melania. She staggered: the Baron sprang forward to support her: but hastily seizing the arm of Juba, she exclaimed, "Conduct me to him instantly."——On entering the citadel, the Baron shewed the Minister's order, on which the gates were opened, and they conducted Melania into a small cell. She approached shuddering, and perceived on a miserable bed the unfortunate Alphonso, pale, disfigured, motionless, and his eyes closed. Melania fell on her knees at the bed-side. Her beloved son was attended neither by nurse nor physician; he was left alone to perish. She seized his icy hand, which was extended on the bed: in vain she called him by the most endearing names: he was no longer sensible.

"O; my son!" she cried, "is it thus I behold thee? Shut up in a prison, abandoned by the world, and on the very borders of the tomb! I am here, and thou art motionless and silent! I would gladly yield my last sigh to obtain from thee one single look!——But shall thy unfortunate mother expire on thy bosom, without feeling it palpitate—without beholding one filial tear? Oh, perhaps even yesterday thou calledst upon me! Perhaps in this frightful solitude thou imploredst my aid, and I was not here to succour thee! At least we will die together!"——Here her eyes closed, and she fell senseless on the bed. The Baron raised her in his arms, and carrying her into an adjoining apartment, sent for the physician of the citadel, and in about half an hour her senses returned, and she was overwhelmed with despair from the idea that her son no longer existed; but the physician informed her that he still breathed, on which she begged he would not quit him. She complained that he had neither been attended by a priest nor a nurse; but she was informed that he had received the sacrament with the greatest piety and most exemplary devotion, and that the priest had not left him many minutes.

On returning to his chamber, she found a venerable ecclesiastic, who, after confirming the report she had heard respecting Alphonso's piety, added, that he had received from him a packet for Mademoiselle Melania, containing two letters—one for herself, and the other for the Duke d'Olmene. At this detested name Melania shuddered: she made herself known to the priest, and received the packet, which, agreeable to the desire of Alphonso, on confiding it to his care, he requested she would immediately read. Melania seated herself in a chair: with a trembling hand she broke the seal, and found the two letters. Unfolding that addressed to herself, she read as follows:

"Stained by a dreadful crime, I do not regret life. Mine is no longer worthy of being consecrated to you. At least, remorse will terminate it. I ought to suffer, and I am resigned to my fate: but you are the victim of my errors. My strength forsakes me at this idea!——O, thou object of the most tender affections of my broken heart!

your generosity, I know, will be voluntarily granted to me. I should be ungrateful if at this moment I implored not pardon. Alas! I dread not your anger, but your anguish and affliction. I think I see you in tears: mine are falling upon the paper on which I am writing. I participate in all your sufferings! None but filial tenderness can conceive the strength of maternal affliction! Alas! when you are experiencing all its bitterness, I shall be insensible—no longer be able to share in it! When a prey to sorrow, *I* shall be enjoying eternal repose!—May that reflection, which almost drives me to madness, be present to your mind, and tend to moderate your grief! My guilt and my death will deprive you of every hope, and render useless your nineteen years of anxiety and care!—What am I saying? Ah! at least enjoy this most delightful of all consolation!—I am indebted to you for the religious sentiments which fortify my mind; I repeat the hymns which you taught me in the happy days of my childhood; I invoke the God of Mercy, who alone can comfort you, to re-unite us in his paternal bosom, and thus try to soften the horrors of my last moments?——Oh! my mother! at this awful hour, when all projects of ambition, all fond dreams of love, disappear like shadows, you alone occupy this heart, disengaged from all other terrestrial ties. Pure and sacred affection, you will accompany me to the tomb—you are virtue's self, and virtue is immortal!—United with the gratitude due to my Creator, this sentiment will increase, if possible, the joys of immortality!—Farewel, my benefactress—my more than mother! Oh, pity and bless your ill-fated son, who only valued life, to return your tenderness and render you happy."

The letter addressed to the Duke d'Olmene contained as follows:

"My hope is gone, but religion requires me to implore pardon. I obey its sovereign voice: but remember that I implore it only on the brink of the tomb. I have robbed you of a son. I could have escaped your vengeance, but I voluntarily surrender myself, and die the victim of repentance!——I retract my horrid imprecations against you, and on my knees I now implore heaven to lengthen your days, and render you happy!"

Who can describe the effect produced by these letters on the heart of the most feeling of mothers? She discovered that Alphonso firmly believed he had slain his brother, and her despair knew no bounds on reflecting that he had carried to the tomb the idea of a crime which he had not committed; and that he might have been restored to life, perhaps, by being undeceived respecting the result of the duel. She gave the Duke's letter to the Baron, saying—"Send it to the wretch: 'tis a duty religion alone could make me fulfil."

Alphonso yet breathed. Melania expressed a wish to send to Lyons for the most celebrated physician of that city; but she was informed that the one belonging to the fortress was the most skilful in the kingdom, and that if a miracle were possible, the man who had attended him through the whole of his sickness could alone perform it. The physician redoubled his exertions, and promised to pass the two following nights at his bed-side, and Melania and the Baron thought it unnecessary to call in another. The next day he appeared to be better. Melania leant over him, and from time to time exclaimed, "The Count is not dead." At length Alphonso opened his eyes. Melania uttered a cry of joy, burst into tears, and fell on her knees to thank Heaven. He could not distinguish any objects around him: he again closed them, and faintly muttered—"I think I hear a voice!"—"Yes, my child!" exclaimed Melania, "yes, it is thy mother speaks to thee, and folds thee in her arms! Thou art no fratricide, the Count is quite recovered."—Alphonso could not reply; but relapsed again into a state insensibility. The physician arrived, and administered something; in a quarter of an hour he again opened his eyes, saying—"I am sure I heard her!"—Melania, transported, seized his hand, which she bathed with her tears. "It is she!" said Alphonso; and the most lively expression of filial tenderness animated those features,

then covered with the shades of death.—Melania at length made him sensible the Count existed, and that his wound was healed. Alphonso could scarce believe it, but he stretched out his arms to Melania, and wept. Every one now thought him recovering very fast, but he suddenly relapsed into his former state, which lasted fifteen days without intermission, leaving the physician not the smallest glimpse of hope. The wretched Melania incessantly watched over him: all that the Baron could do was to persuade her to take a few hours repose in the day on a couch, which was placed close to Alphonso's bed. On the morning of the sixteenth day, the physician, worn out with fatigue, said he must go and take a little rest, and that he could be of no farther service to him: he told the Baron that Alphonso could not outlive the day. Pale, silent, and motionless, Melania remained fixed by the bedside of her son; she could now no longer weep, but in painful agitation awaited the mortal blow which was to put an end to her days, by terminating those of the only object of her tenderest affections. At noon Juba hastily entered, saying Melvil had returned from England, and was at the gate. At the name of Melvil, Melania's features were expressive of indignation, but she continued silent. The Baron arose, and in a few moments returned with Melvil. What a spectacle did he behold! Melania, whom he now could scarcely recognize, and his friend expiring in misery. His eyes were instantly suffused with tears; and unable to utter a word, he advanced towards Melania, who addressed him in a feeble voice—"Behold my unfortunate son, whom I committed to your care, relying on your promise of watching over and protecting him!—but you have abandoned him."—"Heavens!" exclaimed Melvil, "I was kept in ignorance of every thing that has taken place; his letters were intercepted: an absolute and unexpected order compelled me to leave France, and I have not been absent more than fifteen days."—"That time has been sufficient, you see, for his destruction."—"I have brought with me the ablest physician in France," returned Melvil. "Ah! he is come too late! but he may as well see Alphonso, now he is here."

At these words Melvil went down to Dr. ——, and introduced him. The Doctor made every necessary enquiry, and found he had been injudiciously treated. He had no hopes; nevertheless he wrote several prescriptions. Melania waited with the greatest anxiety by the bed of her son, and the smallest motion which seemed to announce any hope of his being relieved, drew her from her state of stupor. The day, however, passed on without any apparent change. What a person of importance is a physician near the sick-bed of those we love! How all eyes are fixed upon him! Every feature of his countenance is watched! With what anxiety he is interrogated! With what respect, what kindness, he is addressed! as if we wished to seduce him to give a favourable opinion. He may save, perhaps, the object of our affection.

Towards evening the Doctor, on feeling Alphonso's pulse, exclaimed "If he survives the night, I will answer for his recovery."—At these words Melania raised her hand to Heaven, burst into tears, and began to pray with all the fervour of hope. The height of the disorder happened about midnight: he survived it, and the physician pronounced him out of danger. Melania, almost beside herself, in a transport of joy fell upon the neck of Melvil. "Oh, my friend!" she exclaimed, "how can I acquit myself toward you?" "You can very easily do that," replied Melvil, fondly clasping her to his heart. "Let this moment of joy and happiness be the epoch of my future felicity." "I owe to you the life of Alphonso," said Melania; "you may dispose of my fate as you please." "You are then mine!" said the enraptured Melvil. Melania could not reply. Alphonso seemed agitated, and appeared to have recovered some recollection. Melania ran to his bed, and informed him the Count was well; for he only retained a confused idea of what she had before told him of this circumstance. She told him he was indebted to Melvil for his recovery. Alphonso took the hands of his mother and his frind, and united them,

and Melania solemnly engaged to acquiesce in the wishes of the generous and faithful Melvil. Juba declared he would never have survived his master. The Baron, in spite of his habitual apathy, took the most tender and lively interest in all that was passing. Melania, with a charm peculiar to herself, expressed her gratitude to the Baron, and the same evening he sent a letter to Herminia.

CHAP. XLIII.

The Baron now proposed returning to Paris, but Melania so warmly solicited him to remain a few days to partake in her happiness, that he relinquished his resolution. The courier who had been sent by Herminia, retarded by a fall from his horse which very much hurt him, did not reach Pierre-Encise for a considerable time after the Baron, who, unwilling to afflict her with the disastrous news, delayed writing to her for a few days. Herminia at length received the tidings of the deplorable state to which Alphonso was reduced: several letters from the Baron prepared her for this mournful intelligence. In the meanwhile Melvil returned from England, and having received Herminia's letter, called at Panthemont, after which he set off without delay to Pierre Encise, taking with him a letter full of reproach to the Baron from the inconsolable Herminia.—People possessed of warm and ardent feelings are never satisfied with our utmost endeavours to do them a service. In this letter she blamed the Baron for not having immediately informed her of Alphonso's danger—" Because," added she, " I would have taken the step Melvil has done, and sent the most celebrated physician to attend him."—She did not reflect that it was no easy matter to prevail on a celebrated physician to travel a hundred leagues to visit a person he did not know; and that Melvil only prevailed on Dr. —— to accompany him, because he was his most intimate friend, and the Doctor lay under the greatest obligations to him.

So the Baron answered Herminia's letter in the following words:—" My dear Herminia, you give way to all the warmth of your disposition against me, because you know I have weighed your faults and your virtues, and are sensible you cannot loose my esteem, notwithstanding your transient injustice. None less than the most able physician in Paris could have saved Alphonso; and notwithstanding your amiableness, Dr. —— would never have travelled a hundred and twenty leagues without resting, on your account, to visit a patient, who had, most probably, breathed his last to or three days before he could arrive. I have experienced two or three weeks of the greatest uneasiness on your account, and you thank me for it in a very grateful manner; but all the vengeance I desire is the pleasure of thinking how very happy this letter will render you. When you suffer, I feel with you, and I equally rejoice in your prosperity: so I cannot find an opportunity to be angry with you. You have forced me into a most singular situation: you have obliged me to play as singular a part; and considering it is my first attempt, I have not sustained it amiss. First, I have passed at two different times five nights together, without repose, at the bedside of your friend. I do not mention this by way of boasting, because I am certain you think I ought not to have taken any repose. Secondly, my stoic eyes have shed tears on two or three different occasions, which you must confess is a great thing indeed for me. With pardon, my dear Herminia; it is not you, but this young, innocent, dishonored, gentle, courageous, and affectionate mother, who has engaged all my thoughts. How tender a mother is Melania! No one could remain insensible to her virtues; though she at one time greatly dismayed me. On being informed her son was sent to the Indies, she did not hesitate to form the design of following him; and as I must have appeared a monster in your eyes had I abandoned her, I should have been compelled to engage in this pleasant voyage, as companion to a lady whom I had not known twenty-four hours. She spoke of seeking her son in desarts, and in the most barbarous countries, as the easiest thing imaginable. Now I beheld myself traversing seas, now struggling against tempests,

now devoured by canibals, to obey your commands and merit your confidence: but I am now relieved from all my terrors.—Melvil, the despairing lover, is indebted to Dr. —— for the life of his young friend and the hand of his mother. Notwithstanding the innocence of Melania, Melvil must determine however to quit society, on his marriage with a person who is probably known to be the mother of an illegitimate son. Whatever may be said, no man should altogether despise the opinions of society; it is difficult to support public ridicule. It appears well enough in romance, but it is impossible to sustain it with dignity in a fashionable circle. The world, which is always indulgent to the vices of those who possess sufficient effrontery to brave its censure, never tolerates the errors of individuals who are self accusers, or who appear embarrassed at their situation. Those who are unacquainted with Melania's history, will regard Melvil as dishonoring himself; but I mean to relate the whole of it to my circle of acquaintance. The Chevalier de Normin is extremely indolent; he seldom writes to any one; but he has sent me two letters, interrogating me about the cause of my journey. He was acquainted with several circumstances connected with the affair. He was visiting at the Duchess's on the day Melania went to the Duke's. When the door of the drawing-room was opened, he caught a glance of her, and asked the servants who she was. One of them, who had seen her raise her veil when speaking to me, informed him she was very beautiful. He learned also from the postillion who drove the Duke, that he had taken his Grace to the Lieutenant's of Police. He was informed by this magistrate of the circumstances of the arrest, and I have since acquainted him with the whole history of this disgraceful business; so that he is now fully prepared to contradict all the calumnies which may be propagated by the Duchess's friends. The Duke will some day learn there exists a Providence which, sooner or later, overwhelms the wicked with disgrace. The hyprocrisy of this worthless man will be published, by a public exposure of his cruel and nefarious actions. But what will become of you? A cloud is hanging over your destiny, which gives me great concern. To render it impossible for you to engage in a marriage unworthy of your rank in life, you created a rival, and despoiled yourself of half your fortune. Would it not have been better to have combated this extravagant delusion, and banished from your mind a hopeless passion? At variance with your relations, determined on celibacy alone, and so young, what will become of you?—Why have you employed your superior reason in deriving advantage from misfortune, instead of preventing it—in repairing errors, instead of avoiding them? Alphonso's convalescence will be tedious; during this period I suppose you will be writing to Melania, and she will be writing to you. Alphonso will return to Paris: you know the danger of a private conversation: take my advice, do not see him alone. Recollect, that if henceforth you authorise Alphonso's sentiments by such conduct as is past, you will become a hypocrite, and a perfidious friend instead of a benefactress.—Reflect that you ought in future to occupy yourself in extinguishing a passion, become criminal by the solemn engagements you have entered into.—Illegitimate love, which supports itself on virtue, which is nourished in secret, and without reserve, is the most dangerous of all passions. Adieu, my dear Herminia! you will think me, perhaps, a severe censor; but consider I am the oldest, and I hope not the least faithful of your friends."

CHAP. XLIV.

While Alphonso was recruiting his exhausted strength, many interesting events took place at Paris. Herminia's agents proceeded with so much vigour against the Duke, that she gained her suit; and this brought to light many fraudulent actions he had committed during his guardianship. Melania's history, which now was generally known, made a great noise in society. The Duke's conduct was now become public; the birth of Alphonso, the duel between the brothers, and the Duke's perfidious conduct towards Melania, were all the subject of

conversation between the Lieutenant of Police, the Minister, and the rest of society. The Chevalier de Normin warmly defended Alphonso and Herminia, and silenced the Viscountess, Countess, and Commandant. The latter thought it very strange that any one should be so much interested in the fate of a female so unacquainted as Melania with the customs of society as to have formed the idea of forcing her way into the house of a nobleman of such rank: he severely blamed the Baron for the protection he had afforded her against the Duke, at whose house he had so often dined.—It was impossible to conceal every thing that was passing from the Duchess: this proved an inexhaustible source of dissention between her and her husband; for Alphonso was born since their marriage. To complete his misfortune, the Minister, who detested the Duke, availed himself of this opportunity to bring about his disgrace at court: with this view he related the whole history to the King; and the following day the Duke, Duchess, and their son were exiled to one of their estates, a hundred leagues from Paris. The Countess d'Olberg, though at variance with her sister, did not hesitate to accompany them. Herminia wrote to her uncle in the most respectful terms, offering to give up those sums he was obliged to refund.

Such acts are noble; but it must be said, in favor of the past century, that the opinion of the court, and of society in general, prescribed them. Moderation was observable in prosperity, and respect always attended the unfortunate.

CHAP. XLV.

In three weeks Alphonso's health was sufficiently re-established to allow them to travel to Paris. The Baron set out twelve days before. It was agreed that Melvil should receive the hand of Melania at Lyons; that they should remain a month at Paris, and afterwards make the tour of Italy. In consequence the ceremony was privately performed at Lyons, and on the following morning Melvil set out for Paris, accompanied by his interesting bride and young friend. Alphonso was at length informed of Herminia's generous intention of uniting him to Zoa, and bestowing a part of her fortune upon them.

"No," said he to Melvil, "I will not enrich myself at the expence of Herminia; I will never accept the hand of a girl I cannot love.—Marriage is not intended for me; to you and my mother I will consecrate the remainder of my days."—"But," said Melvil, "Zoa loves you tenderly. Herminia informed me she was greatly affected during your illness, and her altered appearance clearly evinces what she has suffered."—Alphonso sighed, and changed the conversation. On their arrival at Paris, the Count and Countess of Melvil repaired to their house in the Champs-Elysées. Alphonso re-entered it with a sorrowful heart, on recalling to his mind past scenes; but these painful impressions were soon removed by the idea that his mother's fate was now happily fixed, and that he was under her roof. The same evening Alphonso learned the exile of the Duke and his family; he entreated Melvil to use his interest with the Minister to get them recalled without delay, and Melvil immediately set out for Versailles. Melania spent her time at Panthemont while Melvil was absent. Alphonso dared not again behold Herminia, but impatiently waited his mother's return to hear news of Herminia. He was mostly the subject of their private conversations; and Melania one morning told Herminia, that what kept alive Alphonso's passion was, the secret hope of being beloved. "While he thinks in this way," continued Melania, "he will never be prevailed on to marry." "Well!" said Herminia, "we must remove this impression; I think I can do it; for I never made a positive avowal of my sentiments:—I will have an interview with him.—Say I wish to see him. Both my happiness and honor are concerned in his espousing Zoa. I would have avoided another interview, but it is now indispensible." "Tell him," replied Melania, "that you only felt a frendship for him, and I will answer for his consenting." "That is sufficient," said Herminia, "We must not lose a moment."

CHAP. XLVI.

Herminia did all she could to tranquillize and prepare her mind for the ensuing interview, but she experienced an agitation which every moment increased. A violent palpitation—a secret impatience, confused her ideas, and she only thought of beholding him again. She represented his emotion, and this encreased her own. At length a carriage stopped: the parlour bell rang—now she was ready to faint; the door was thrown open, and Alphonso entered! Herminia made an effort to rise; but she trembled so exceedingly, that she sunk again into the chair. Alphonso, on his part, tottered towards her and sat down in silence: they both regarded each other, and burst into tears. Herminia, ashamed of her weakness, wiped her face, and with a tremulous voice said—"Alphonso, how great is the power of true friendship! I was anxious to speak to you respecting the dearest wish of my heart." "Oh, Heavens! it is yourself, I hope." "Alphonso, do not use such language; I cannot listen to it without being guilty of the most sacred of duties. I have placed an insuperable barrier between us." "Cruel girl!—could you not have confided in the delicacy and purity of my sentiments? Do you think I was presumtuous enough to aspire to your hand? If honor had not prevented my making such a declaration, your pride would have rejected it." "My pride! Ah! could I have relied upon that, all would have been well." "Herminia, do you love me?" "Why do you ask me such a question?" "I see plainly you sacrifice me to prejudice," returned Alphonso. "Ungrateful youth! the world would condemn our union—but I will retire from the world—I will be a stranger in society—I disdain a fate you cannot share with me." "Well! let us both renounce the world—let us fly to some solitary spot, where, living for each other alone, we shall only be known to Melvil and Melania. They, too, must leave society: let us consecrate our existence to love and friendship." "Friendship!—Heavens! and what would become of Zoa?" "Enrich her; find her a husband who can love her!" "But she—I fear she can love no one but you. Great God! Where are all my resolutions? I have betrayed all my vows; I am then nothing but a weak, inconsiderate, criminal woman!—Pity me, Alphonso; I cannot live, deprived of my own esteem; help me to recover it—let us generously sacrifice our affection—render me worthy of both you and myself.—Would you like to see my reputation sullied by such an act?" "No, Herminia," cried Alphonso, "it is enough that your have deigned to discover your sentiments; I feel, like yourself, that we must be separated for ever. We must renounce happiness, and bid each other an eternal adieu; but let us still preserve our liberty—you are determined to preserve your's, why should you wish to enslave me? Let our destinies be similar; let a mutual sacrifice ennoble them; let us both remain free; the secret affection of our hearts must always be a tie between us." "Oh, Heavens!" interrupted Herminia, "what are you saying? Remember that my reputation depends upon your union with Zoa. If you refuse the hand of this lovely young girl, who is amiable, rich, and who has an affection for you, our connexion would no longer be a mystery. Would you injure me in the public opinion, and make me act a treacherous part? Shall I deceive my friend—shall I be the cause of making her miserable? I have been imprudent; I know that in projecting your union with Zoa I ought never to have discovered the nature of my own sentiments; but the fault is committed; we must endeavour to repair it. We must sacrifice our love to honor. Did you not promise, Alphonso, never to speak to me again of your attachment? Then let us henceforth render it impossible to fail in engagements prescribed by duty. Espouse Zoa."—"Never! I will never be guilty of infidelity to her I love; though I should feel less repugnance in marrying her, were it impossible for me ever to love her. You drive me to despair! I will fly from France, and never more return, if you exact this compliance. As long as you are free, I will remain so at least.—Zoa may be readily cured of a passion which, perhaps, only exists in her imagination; the fortune you bestow on her will procure her

a splendid alliance; she will easily forget me, and my voluntary exile will preserve your reputation pure and spotless."

Herminia could scarcely reply; her mind was occupied about what measures she should adopt. The remainder of their conversation was painful and constrained. At length Herminia tore herself from the parlour in a state of the utmost consternation and grief.

CHAP. XLVII.

Herminia sent to inform the Baron she wished to see him immediately, on an affair of importance. In the mean time she gave a free course to her tears.—"What have I done?" she exclaimed; "whither has my folly and presumption led me?—Alphonso! how have you detroyed all my projects!—Alas! without intending it, you prescribed the last sacrifice I could make, by what you said—'While *you* are free, *I* will remain so;' and 'I would marry Zoa, were it impossible ever to love her!'—Adieu, sweet illusions—farewel thou secret charm of a reciprocal and unfortunate affection!—I must descend from the height of elevated sentiment and impracticable heroism, where sublimity is folly, and where the most generous resolutions only produce the most deplorable consequences, because they are without principle, and are founded only on pride and presumption. I must renounce these cherished illusions, to tread in the even path of duty, from which love caused me to stray! where, if every thing is monotonous, all is calm and tranquil. Happiness is not intoxicating, though solid and durable! Such is, doubtless, intended to be the destiny of a female—it shall be mine!—Alas! ought I to complain?"

This last reflection tended to soften the bitterness of Herminia's sorrows. At length she was informed the Baron was in the parlour, and she immediately repaired thither. On perceiving her, he was astonished at the visible alteration in her countenance. Herminia, agitated, sunk upon a chair, and covered her face.—"Heavens!" exclaimed he, "what has happened?" "Baron," said Herminia, in a sorrowful tone, "do you love me?" "Perhaps too much," replied he, smiling. "Well! you must prove it by consenting to what I require respecting Zoa, and by accepting my hand." "Your hand!—I marry you!"—"If you hesitate, I am undone." "You!—This is the effect of despair! I cannot doubt it." "I have no other resource left me." "In the name of Heaven, explain yourself!" "He will never marry Zoa while I am free!" "*He?* Alphonso you mean, I suppose?" "Yes; in order to insure Zoa's happiness, I am determined to sacrifice my liberty." "And mine!" "It must be so: but hear me; I have seen him, and I could no longer conceal my sentiments: he is now fully acquainted with them." "And on that account I must marry you?" "We have bade each other an eternal farewell: but I repeat, while I am free, he will never be united to Zoa; and I ought to make every sacrifice for my past folly and imprudence." "Well! our marriage is to afford you the means of expiation, then?" "Ah! how can you have the cruelty to make a jest of the situation I am placed in?" "Indeed, my dear Herminia, whatever pleasantry exists in this conversation proceeds from yourself. You are far from suspecting how extremely ludicrous all you have said appears. What! on the very day when, notwithstanding my advice, and in opposition to reason, you receive this youth, and even at the moment when led away by your attachment to him, you make an avowal which ought never to have proceeded from lips so pure as thine, and at the very same moment you propose to espouse me; and in order to obtain my assent to this extravagant project, you declare it is an expiation for your folly! Though you have bestowed half of your fortune on Zoa, your's is considerably more than mine; I am not romantic like yourself, but I possess all the delicacy of a man of honor, and I could not bear to be accused of having profited by your folly, from base motives of interest. I am nearly forty-two, you are young and beautiful; this would be a disproportionate union; I must, therefore, positively decline the honor you intend me—probity and reason equally determine me to refuse it."

At this discourse the disconsolate Herminia remained for a moment silent; but her natural pride reanimating her courage, she said:—"I was wrong in speaking to you in so undisguised a manner: the way in which this proposition has been made renders it ridiculous. I thought, however, that a friend, who knew the purity of my heart and my esteem for him, would have looked at this step as an anxious desire of returning to reason. I concluded this friend would have been persuaded I should carefully fulfil all the duties of a wife, and that I was desirous of procuring a husband in a friend, who would be the sole object of my affections. I will, notwithstanding your rejection, remain firm to my engagements. One method only remains, and I shall have the courage to adopt it." "Herminia," said the Baron, very much affected, "what new design are you meditating?" "To-morrow I will take the veil." "Heavens! what folly!" "What have I to regret in the world?—Love has rendered me miserable!—friends abandon me!" "I abandon you! I would sacrifice my life for you!" "Well, you know the nature of my character: I swear by every thing sacred, that I will either become a nun or the Baroness de Jussy." "But in confirming the glory and felicity of my life, do not oblige me to play the fool. Let Alphonso set out for Italy, and pass a twelvemonth there: if at the end of six months you persist in your resolution, on my knees I will receive that hand so dear to me." "Then I am your's," said Herminia, with emotion; "and be assured that from this moment you alone will occupy my thoughts." At these words the Baron seized the hand of Herminia, which he silently pressed in his. Herminia said she would only see Melania once again, to bid her adieu; that she would not speak of her marriage with the Baron, but request her to forbid Alphonso writing; adding, that she would deny herself all correspondence with Melania, as she could hear of her welfare from Melvil's letters to the Baron. In short, during the remainder of her conversation Herminia shewed so much reason, candour, and virtue, that on leaving her, the Baron frankly confessed himself the happiest of men.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Alphonso deplored his fate, but he calmly submitted. Two days after he had the pleasure to learn that Melvil had obtained the Duke's recal. The Minister's letters to the Duke and Duchess contained the humiliating intelligence that this favor was granted at the particular solicitations of young Dormeuil. Alphonso now set out for Italy with the Count and Countess Melvil. Herminia remained at Panthemont, solely occupied in completing Zoa's education. Three months after Alphonso's departure, the Duke experienced a convincing proof that there is an invisible and supreme Power which never fails, sooner or later, to avenge oppressed innocence, and punish the wicked. The Count died of the small-pox; and the Duchess, who could never pardon the humiliations her husband had drawn upon himself, separated from him; while the Duke, ruined and dishonored, remained forsaken by society, without friends, tormented by unavailing remorse. The day at length arrived which was to complete the Baron's happiness. At the expiration of six months he received the hand of H. minia, and immediately set out with her and Zoa to one of his chateaus, thirty leagues from Paris. This intelligence soon reached Italy. Alphonso wept on hearing it. Melvil now took frequent occasion to speak to him of Zoa. Alphonso listened, and in the end promised to acquiesce in their wishes. At the expiration of six months he returned to France, and beheld Zoa, whom he found increased in stature, and possessed of a thousand new graces, which she owed to the care of Herminia. He espoused her, and the day after the ceremony set out with her, Melania, and Melvil, for the estate the latter possessed in Franche-Comté.

Did we wish to prolong this history, we might add another chapter, by relating all that was said on the arrival and marriage of these four persons at Besançon; but we shall content ourselves with saying, that this event

continued to be the subject of conversation in all the neighbouring chateaus for more than six weeks, especially in the circles of the Marchioness and Lady President. Lady Aurora, who, to her great regret, was still unmarried, had become more pale, sallow, and peevish than ever; and the Marchioness about this time was affected with a jaundice, which was generally ascribed to these singular events. Alphonso, in the society of his mother and his lovely bride, became the wisest and the most happy man of his age. The noble and generous Herminia, faithful to her duty, was always guided by her husband, exhibiting a model of the most perfect female excellence. When time had matured the principles on which the happiness of Alphonso and Herminia was built, the two families united. Nothing could equal Zoa's felicity when she again found herself in the arms of her adored benefactress. As Alphonso and Herminia could recall the errors of their youth without a blush, it only served to encrease their friendship. This friendship became farther connected by the marriage of the eldest son of Herminia with a daughter of Alphonso's. A happy wife, and a fortunate mother, Melania obtained the just reward of all her past sufferings.

REVIEW OF WORKS OF ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(Continued from Page 377.)

No. 57. *The Citizens of Calais delivering their keys to King Edward III; by W. Hilton.*

THERE is great taste in the execution of this painting. The pensive position of the monarch is well conceived, and the whole design is excellently composed. It possesses much discrimination of character, but still there is much common-place in the figures, particularly in that of the Queen, and those of the citizens. The colouring is rich without being glaring. It is certainly a good historical picture, and a specimen of considerable talents.

No. 58. *Stickleback-catchers; by W. F. Witherington.*

This painting is in the same style as No. 50; but not equal to it in merit. The figures want that puerile anxiety in their pursuits, which, in the painting by Mr. W. Collins, commands the interest of the spectator. The landscape also wants that warmth of sunny glare which renders the other most dazzlingly delightful.

No. 59. *The Woman with the Issue of Blood; by J. S. Agar.*

The merit of this painting is of the highest kind: to depict the passions of the soul, as they exhibit themselves in the varied features of a crowd, isthe greatest task of the pencil. Mr. Agar has not been unsuccessful in this arduous attempt. Yet why should the countenance of the Saviour have a sickly cast? Why should he look like a mere mortal, unable to bear the sorrows of life, with a repining and jaundiced hue of countenance? Although the Deity, in his incarnation, is represented as a *man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs*, must he be represented with the traits of fretful affliction?—We dislike also the face of the woman: she has not that air of confirmed faith which should manifest itself in her eyes: her sickness is indeed visible, but it is disgusting; and her

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whole form wants that gracefulness of attitude which may surely accompany even malady itself, and render even disease interesting. In the inferior groups Mr. Agar is certainly more happy. The pride, astonishment, and incredulity of the surrounding Jews are well pourtrayed. The drawing is not good: many limbs are badly hung to the bodies. The countenances are more ably delineated. The colouring is harsh, and wants strength of tone. A sickly hue predominates over the whole of the flesh. It is, however, a picture that bespeaks great talent in the artist.

No. 63. *The fall of Phaeton; by R. Jones.*

Few mythological subject have been more frequently chosen to exhibit the powers of the pencil than that which is at present before us. The artist who now attempts it, has conceived its representation in a masterly manner. An elegant falling figure, envelloped in the flames of lightning, gives a fine idea of that part of the event which is within the scope of human imagination. The chariot of the sun is also well fancied, and impresses a magnificent image of something extraordinary or supernatural. With these the painter should have been contented: when he condescended to place an ugly diminutive Jupiter in a corner of his canvas, he dropt at once from all his sublimity into a bathos of absurdity. The drawing is not excellent: the anatomy is strained and erroneous; and the horses of the sun are the vilest animals that ever had a Kent-street sand-cart behind them.

No. 71. *The Conversion of St. Paul; by J. F. Rigaud,* R. A.

We feel no restraint in bestowing the highest commendation on this painting. The countenance of the Saint is strongly marked with those emotions which characterize the circumstance: remorse, conviction, and beatific consolation are exquisitely united; or rather the imagination of the spectator is exquisitely sustained in its efforts to attach all the impressions which it has received from Holy Writ to the figure before him. This is the true sublime in painting—the *supernatural* is left to the mental energies of those to whom the picture is presented, not brought offensively forward in extravagant, disgusting forms, which perplex, but do not enrich the imagination. The grouping is somewhat defective: the horse of St. Paul is rendered too conspicuous; and the very excellence with which this animal is painted in so prominent a situation is itself a defect, as it injures the general aspect of the painting, and draws it from its sublimity.

No. 75. *The Prodigal Son returning to his Father; by J. F. Rigaud,* R. A.

The hand of a master is eminently visible in this picture, but we think that the conception is very inferior to the more subordinate excellencies of execution.

No. 76. *Chelonis, with her two Children, supplicating of her Father, Leonidas, the Life of her Husband, Cleombrotus; by J. Harrison.*

This is one of those cold and insipid paintings which, being produced without genius, have not a single principle of vitality in their composition. The colouring is poor, and drawing feeble. The expression of the passions here resembles those twists of the features which children call *making mouths at one another.* Mr. Harrison may succeed in some of Singleton's most simple subjects, but we advise him even in Mr. Singleton's most simple subjects, to avoid Mr. S.'s most simple manner.

No. 77. *View on the Coast of Kent, with Fishermen; by J. Ward.*

This artist has no superior in subjects of this sort. The bold roughness with which he finishes his paintings is, however, in this, less conspicuous than in his other pieces. We are, indeed, sorry to remark a harsh, frittered manner, which hurts this picture considerably, creeping into parts of all his designs in the present Exhibition.

No. 81. *A Brasier's Shop at Patna, East Indies; by A. W. Devis.*

This is an excellently characteristic subject, and is well executed.

No. 83. *"Speak to her, Hamlet;" by J. J. Halls.*

It may prove the assiduity of a pupil that his paintings correctly resemble those of his master; but this close resemblance is no

argument in favor of his genius. Every man has individual powers, which his attention to the excellencies of others may call into strength, and rouse to emulation; but he who suffers even the first-rate talents of another to blind his own perceptions, or to confine his own efforts, must content himself with being esteemed as something less than an artist. The painting before us is a vile spemen of Fuseli at second-hand: long legs, long arms, and long noses, with extravagance of attitude and a dingy hob-goblin, appear to be the *whole stock of trade* with which Mr. Halls has possessed himself, in order to follow the *business* of his master. But had Fuseli possessed no more than these, his paintings would have been deservedly treated with contempt, and Mr. Halls would probably have had the ambition to acquire the defects of some other eminent master. This is the most wretched Hamlet ever exhibited; and the manner in which he is *nosing* the ghost, and *pawing* his mother, is too ridiculous to be seriously criticised.

No. 84. *Asking leave of Marriage; by L. Cosse.*

There is character and close discrimination of sentiment in this piece, which represents an honest-looking young man who is entering the cottage of a country shoemaker to ask his daughter in marriage. The cautious, yet good-natured, manner with which the father receives the suitor; the blush of the girl; and the easy kindness of the mother, are all true to nature. We do not wish to see this species of painting encouraged, as we fear it is at present, to the detriment of the higher classes; yet when it comes before us with so many claims for approbation as the present, we cannot but wish it success.

No. 87. *The tight Shoe; by C. C. Coventry.*

This is another attempt at the light comedy, or rather farce, of the pencil. The grotesque countenance of the boy, who is trying to get on a new shoe in a shoemaker's shop, is an irresistible provocative to risibility.

No. 98. *Lamberg and Gelchassa, from Ossian; by John Trumbull.*

This is the largest picture in these Exhibition-rooms, and the—worst! We notice it for no other reason than that it is too large to be overlooked. It possesses neither drawing, colouring, nor design; and we cannot conceive that the Clerk of the Rooms has instructions to ask a greater price for it than its value as *damaged canvas*. In that case its mighty size (somewhat more than sixty-square feet) will be its recommendation:—in any other, that size only serves to render the tasteless vanity of this artist more conspicuous.

No. 104. *Helen and Hermia;* by *Art. Perigal.* Bright colours can never compensate for harsh, heavy touches, ugly faces, and want of all the principles of composition.

No. 132. *Fatigue, or the aged Labourer,* and No. 108: *Weariness, or the old Gleaner;* by *W. R. Biggs,* R. A.

Mr. Biggs has discovered the essential distinctions beween *fatigue* and *weariness:* they seem to be of different sexes. There is nothing to commend in these pieces—the subjects are ill-chosen. Old age is seldom interesting in painting, but exhausted old age is too lamentable for contemplation: yet such is the affectation of refined sentiment prevalent in our day, that it will not be surprizing if some fair votary of factitious compassion should wish to possess these miserable representations of inevitable miseries, and pay the price of Mr. B.'s withered old couple.

No. 112. *The Love Letter;* by *C. C. Coventry.*

There is delicacy and character in this painting.

No. 117. *The Gypsey;* and No. 131. *A Country Girl;* by *S. Woodfoorde,* R. A.

The spirit and character of these pictures are richly sustained. In the former, particularly, there is brilliancy of expression, and splendour of tint, which is truly admirable.

No. 118. *Leonidas defending the Pass of Thermopylæ,* by *J. A. Atkinson.*

This painting possesses much merit in its general composition, but in the detail of particulars it is very defective. It wants individual character: the figures are warriors, and no more: they possess no discrimination from each other as men. Leonidas is not

discoverable in this mass of combatants from any of his host, and the whole might represent any other battle in a defile, as well as that at Thermopylæ. The colouring is good, but a harshness and abruptness of shadow interferes with the *chiaro 'scuro*, and destroys the general effect.

No. 137. *Mary looking into the Sepulchre*, by *H. Howard*, R. A.

We fear that religion is very little indebted to this artist for the pains which he takes to illustrate passages of Scripture with his pencil. The solemn event of the resurrection is here poorly—we had almost said, *ludicrously*, represented. The arch-looking female who is *peeping* into the cavern or sepulchre, and the stately statues in white, at each end of it, are truely disgraceful to the pencil of any artist. In tone of colouring this painting is as deficient as in design.

No. 142. *Flowers*, by *Joseph Barney*.

At length we congratulate this artist at having returned to a proper use of his pencil. One leaf of one of these flowers is worth fifty of his Macbeths. There is taste and delicacy of pencilling in this flower-piece, and considerable richness of colouring.

No. 144. *The Restoration of the Daughters of Œdipus*, by *Arth. Perigal*.

We have been led to expect something superior in historical painting, from the promising talents of Mr. Perigal. In the picture before us we are cruelly disappointed. What can have been the course of Mr. P.'s studies we are at some loss to imagine: the figure of Theseus has certainly walked out of some tapestry hanging—Walked, did we say?—if such a stiff, ill-jointed being ever *walked*, we might expect a dance by maimed joint-stools, or a race by broken crutches.—All the figures are miserably deformed and unfinished. Œdipus is perhaps the best, and has some degree of expression in his attitude: but both Antigone and her sister, although their features are strained with all the emotions of *bad drawing*, are most wretched creatures. With a little attention the artist might have improved their legs: that which is the most swelled and crooked does not appear to be absolutely incurable.—There is a *carelessness of vanity*—to attempt so fine a subject on so large a scale, and then to present it to public inspection in so coarse and unfinished a state would be reprehensible in a first-rate artist—to a young artist its consequences may be fatal.

No. 148. *Fingal in his Youth conquers Nothal*, by *J. Downman*, A. R. A.

This artist seems to have been studying among the Chinese. His late paintings have exhibited specimens of stiff coloured outlines, without shadow. We will not say that Mr. Downman takes *pains* to lessen the fame he had acquired; but we assure him that this may be done *without taking pains*.

No. 150. *Travellers Reposing*, by *Mrs. Hakewill*.

This is the first specimen of any thing like a group, by the pencil of this fair artist, that we recollect to have seen. It possesses all her usual excellencies: it is true to nature both mentally and externally—every feature speaks. There is, however, something rather too elegant in the form of the female figure. Mrs. H. will know how to excuse us for saying that these elegant forms are not usual to her pencil: the rustic features of the rural labourer are those which she has hitherto most frequently exhibited, and which we have admired for their truth of expression. The figure to which we now object is beautiful and interesting—but there is a softness and delicacy in the form that seems unsuitable to her situation.

No. 153. *Agrippina, attended by her Children, depositing the Ashes of her Husband Germanicus in the Tomb of Augustus*, by *James Stephanoff*.

There must be some painters who imagine that a fine subject makes a fine picture, however defective their own powers of execution, or else such pieces as this could never be brought into existence. If Mr. Stephanoff has a real friend in the world who understands painting, he must have been frequently told that he *cannot draw*: that the human arm is not long and thin like that of a baboon, and that neither man nor woman in general walk as though they were ready to fall forward on all fours, like a dancing dog at his first lesson. Yet Mr. Stephanoff will persist in translating good poetry, and good history,

into bad painting, ancient heroes and heroines into semi-brutes, and God's own image into mere inexpressive red lead. The picture before us is one of the vilest of this gentleman's efforts. It is a meagre, bad sketch, in which no general effect seems to have been intended.

No. 159. *Madona;* by *A. R. Twigg.*

This is a dark, swarthy specimen of bad colouring and ugly features.

No. 167. *Phædra and Hippolytus; by F. P. Stephanoff.*

There is little to commend in this picture: the outline is not so harsh as the Œdipus of the other artist of the same name, but the want of force and expression renders it more insipid.

No. 171. *Pygmalion's Statue animating; by H. Howard,* R. A.

The tint of flesh mingling with the stone, is delicately managed; but a little more kindling expression in the countenance of the statue would have shewn the intention of the painter to greater advantage. The position of Pygmalion is well imagined.

No. 172. *January aud May; by J. J. Masquerier.*

Chaucer himself could not have desired a more correct portrait of the aged spouse and youthful wife than we have here. The debilitated man of pleasure, and warm damsel of twenty, are here most accurately depicted. The colouring is forcible and luminous, and admirably assists the vivacity of the subject.

No. 174. *The Women at the Sepulchre; by H. P. Bone.*

This is certainly much superior to Mr. Howard's picture from the same subject. There is much expression in the figures of the women; but the colouring wants strength, and the chairo 'scuro is unsettled and interrupted.

No. 175. " *A Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back;" by H. Howard,* R. A.

This subject, from Shakespear, is very unsuitable for the powers of the pencil. In poetry the idea is beautiful, because we have a faint sense of the hyperbole on which the incident arises; but in painting, the adsurdity becomes so strongly imaged before us, that we are disgusted with the conceit. The painting is also very indifferently executed—it is at once tame and extravagant.

No. 191. *View of Knaresborough—Moonlight.* No. 192. *A Lime-Kiln, near Knaresborough; by T. C. Hofland.*

These are exquisite landscapes: the broad shadowy effect of night scenery is preserved, and the gleamy light which reposes on every object in the moon-light view conveys a sense of stillness to the spectator. The other painting is more disturbed, but not less correct, and finely contrasts the busy artificial glare of a kiln, with the steady brilliancy of the moon.

Nos. 197, 198, 190, 208, 221, 226, &c. *are various Ladscapes; by B. Barker.*

They all possess that strong discrimination of the varied features of Nature for which this artist has been so frequently and so justly celebrated. The hollow valley, the shadowy dell, the heavy foliage, the verdant bough, the rustic cottage, the winding river, or the swelling mountain, are admirably displayed in the endless varieties in which Nature presents, or imagination disposes them. There is, perhaps, a sameness of tone in the colouring of all, and frequently a want of preservation in the aërial tint, which gives the distance a broken aspect.

No. 196. *View on the Tamar.* No. 206. *Pembroke Castle—Moonlight.* No. 220. *View on the Wye; by W. Payne.*

The excellencies of this artist are well known, and, we believe, justly appreciated. His tenor is uniform: the same clear and luminous chairo'scuro, the same tranquillity of effect; not indeed so undisturbed as the quiet scenes of Claude, but yet broad, reposing, and combined. His skies are always admirable. In Nos. 196 and 220 the soft azure is ably contrasted with warmer tints in the landscape: perhaps the expanse of scenery in each might have been broken with advantage to the effect. In landscapes of such magnitude the eye must be at some distance, to be delighted with a continued unity of undisturbed tranquillity in a painting; and at such a distance the light touches of Mr. P.'s foliage would be lost.

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No. 235. *An Evening Effect on the Thames, near Gravesend; by G. Arnald.*

We select this exquisite piece from among many specimens of this artist's talents which adorn the Rooms, on account of the happy manner in which he has blended the distant water and sky. Few painters have succeeded so well in that unsteady, creeping mistiness, which seems ever about to settle on the surface of a river in the evening. Of commonplace evenings, with long streaky beams across the water, we have seen frequent repetitions, both on canvas and paper; but we do not recollect any thing like this exhibited by Mr. Arnald, except in Nature.

Of the other landscape painters, whose paintings are here before the public, we have little to say. The dry, uninteresting designs of *Linnell,* the affectation of *Towne,* and the hasty scrawl of *Laporte,* who *scribbles* in his crooked roofs and straggling trees, without any attention to perspective, either aërial or linear, may very well be passed without notice. *Belgrave Hoppner* has some little merit in his sea-pieces: *Pether* has in his much more. *R. Sass* is determined to paint against Nature: his pictures are absolutely libels upon her productions. *Cotman* persists in a bold coarseness, and *Craig* in a delicate smoothness, which are both equally destructive of clear and natural effect.

No. 241. *The Ferry Boat; by J. J. Chalon,*

Has been much admired: it is a chaste, clear, and elegant picture; yet this chastity of tone in its colouring is certainly a degree too low, and there is a poverty in the general conception of the subject. The distance would bear much heightening, and the figures require more character.

THE THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

It was by adapting their attempts in *art* to the nature of their materials that the Greeks rose to the summit of excellence in every thing which they undertook to perform. It is generally by endeavouring to render one species of material the rival of another, that the works of the moderns become unequal to their purposes, and affected in execution. In sculpture, one substance must be made to look like another; wood must be daubed into stone, and stone must be polished into marble. In music, we have imitations of every other instrument on the harpsichord. The engravers in wood must contend with the engravers on copper; and in Painting, the powers of water-colours are not so much studied as the means to make those powers cope with the very different powers of oil. That water-colour painting is in itself an efficient and beautiful province of Art, has lately been rendered manifest; and that it ought to be cultivated, not as an imitation of another branch, but for the sake of its own genuine fruits, is a conviction that must have entered into the mind of every man who has attended the Exhibitions in Bond-Street and Spring Gardens. Delicacy and brilliancy of execution seem to be the leading characteristics of this species of Painting: in the bold, unfinished sketch, it admits of more roughness, and hardihood of penciling: but he who would give his picture superior energy of tone, should devote himself to the more forcible colours of the pallet. We shall consider the merits of these Pictures now before us both with respect to the materials employed, and the merits of the execution; and we therefore begin with those of the President, Mr. DAVID COX. This gentleman exhibits thirty-seven pieces. These are generally in that strong and masterly style which is always more successful in oil than in water-colours. A fullness of tone, and wide harmony of light and shadow,

are not easily supported with such feeble materials; and this deficiency Mr. Cox endeavours to supply by introducing a heavy and harsh sort of *blottiness* in the shadowy parts. There is, however, merit of the highest order in his productions. We cannot pretend to trace the particular merits and defects of each, but we will do as much as our limits will permit us.

No. 12. *A Heath.*
No. 13. *Sketch from nature.*
No. 19. *Morning.*
No. 21. *A view near Camberwell.*
No. 22. *A Water-mill.*
No. 31. *Landscape.*

The first of these is an able specimen of the boldest roughness of water-colour painting. It is, however, not pleasing: the harshness which gives it strength, interrupts its clearness; and it is only at a considerable distance that the eye can obtain that assimilation of visual rays that blends the general effect, and that shews the fullness of the chiaro 'scuro. The same observations apply to all the rest, except No. 19, *Morning,* which is much softer, and more enriched in brilliancy of tone. Still the same *scratchy* effect hurts the general effect, and drives the spectator to a distance.

No. 42. *View on Sydenham common.*
No. 53. *A cottage near Bromley.*
No. 54. *Conway castle.*

There is much contrast in the effect of these two last. The Cottage is coarse and harsh. The sky in the Conway Castle is more full-toned and brilliant.

No. 76. *The Ouse bridge, York.*
No. 78. *The hay-field.*

This last is perhaps the best of Mr. Cox's productions. It is rich, full, and animated. The wavy ridges of hay over a sunny declivity are boldly imagined, while the misty sunniness of the scene is thrown wide around. We should almost imagine Mr. Cox had been acquainted with this passage in Mr. Noble's Poem, "The Morning Walk in Spring:"

Nor when the fervid Summer thro' the air
Elances swift the lucid shafts of heat,
Would I neglect to climb this glowing height,
Tho' then the dazzling ether, full of noon,
Stream thro' the tepid scene:—then, rich around,
The glossy verdure, streak'd with gaudy tints,
Flaunts in the light, or, *where the mowers bend*
O'er the wide-sweeping circuit of their scythes,
Falls in thick wavy heaps, and sheds abroad
Soft balmy odour, as embrown'd it dies.

No. 91. *Windsor castle.*

This picture recals to our recollection the painting of Mr. Calcott on the same subject, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy last season. The haziness of effect is the same in both, while Mr. Cox has the advantage of position, and has broken his line of shadow with foliage. The strong yet soft tone of Mr. Calcott's picture is however poorly rivalled by the *scratchy light* and *blotted shadow* with which Mr. Cox is fain to sustain his feeble colouring.

No. 115. *An old house near Birmingham.*
No. 125. *Harlech castle.*
No. 165. *Dolbaddern Tower.*
No. 178. *Sketch.*
No. 179. *Caernarvon castle.*
No. 193. *Sketch of Battersea.*
No. 194. *Sketch.*
No. 204. *The ferry-house.*
No. 219. *View near Croydon.*
No. 221. *A lime-kiln.*
No. 232. *View on the Thames.*
No. 233. *View in Birmingham.*
No. 239. *Sketch.*
No. 244. *Sketch near Birmingham.*
No. 245. *View in North Wales.*
No. 247. *A cottage at South End.*
No. 252. *Evening.*
No. 273. *Conway castle.*
No. 290. *A sketch.*
No. 299. *Llanberis Lake.*
No. 309. *Cæsar's Tower, Kenelworth Castle.*
No. 313. *An old house near Bromley, Kent.*
No. 319. *A corn-field.*
No. 323. *Peter-boats.*
No. 325. *Cottage near Dulwich.*

On none of these have we any observation to make, different from those with which we have endeavoured to characterise the manner of Mr. Cox. Those which he calls *sketches*, and which are numerous, should not be obtruded before the public. Some of them, indeed, manifest much vigour of conception and force of outline, but they do not generally add to the artist's reputation.

Mr. JAMES GREEN stands next on the Catalogue, as *Treasurer* of the Society.—His pictures are,

No. 174. *Portrait of a Lady.*

No. 176. *Portrait of the Right Hon. Earl Kellie.*

No. 177. *Portrait of Master Gray.*

No. 184. *Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Kellie.*

No. 185. *Portrait of Miss Ingleheart.*

No. 198. *Cherub.*

No. 338. *Judgment of Paris.*

No. 339. *Portrait of Lady Duncan.*

No. 340. *Portrait of Mrs. Meth. Erskine.*

In these portraits there is great delicacy: the colouring is at once rich and soft, and there are both character and energy in the execution. In the *Judgment of Paris* the merit is less: the figure of Venus is not well defined; and we do not understand the false delicacy of giving her drapery, unless, as we suspect from the countenance of Mr. Paris himself, we have again got among a group of portraits. The lady who condescended to personate the Goddess of Beauty might have suffered her vanity to go a step farther, and have yielded *all* her charms to the *pencil of Mr. Green.*

Mr. ANDREW WILSON, who bears the title of Secretary, is the next in rank. His pictures are numerous.

No. 2. *Ruins near Rome.*

No. 7. *Landscape.*

These are rich and elegant pieces: the outline is clear and bold, and the linear perspective tolerably preserved. The shadow that falls about the Ruins is very strong and forcible, and invigorates the whole effect.

No. 11. *View near Subiaco,*

No. 24. *Gateway at Salisbury.*

No. 44. *View in the Park, St. Giles's, Dorset.*

No. 47. *View near Geneva.*

This last is excellent, in respect to the brilliancy and strength of the chiaro 'scuro.

No. 72. *Landscape—Storm.*

We should hardly have believed that the same hand painted both these last pieces.—The trees here are clumsy, and immoveable by the most violent storm; the sky is heavy without magnificence; and the whole is meagre both in conception and colouring.

No. 98. *Suburbs of Rome.*

This possesses not the fine bold shadow of the *Ruins*, (No. 2,) but is nevertheless both grand and pleasing.

No. 114. *New Forest, near Lyndhurst.*

No. 121. *Twilight.*

No. 144. *Old farm-house.*

No. 213. *A cottage—Evening.*

No. 214. *Lanpscape.*

No. 235. *Part of the village of St. Giles's, Dorset.*

No. 271. *Cottage near Kingston.*

No. 289. *View of Lyndhurst, New Forest, Hants,*

No. 295. *Part of the village of St. Giles's, Dorset.*

No. 306. *Study from Nature.*

No. 310. *View on the Thames.*

No. 317. *A Farm-house near Greenford.*

No. 326. *View near Greenford.*

No. 336. *Gamekeeper's Lodge, at St. Giles's, Dorset.*

No. 341. *View in the village of St. Giles's, Dorset.*

No. 342. *Scene in the New Forest, near Lyndhurst.*

In all these we observe a strength and delicacy very judiciously combined. The tints are sometimes too cold, and the chiaro 'scuro too feeble; but in general Mr. Wilson's style is very commendable.

The pencil of Mr. W. J. BENNETT has made a considerable progress towards that unassuming perfection which ought to characterise the works of the best artists, and has relinquished much of that affectation of

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warm colouring which injured his pictures in this Exhibition last year. His view of *Rochester castle—Morning,* (No. 9,) and his *Hailing barges—Morning,* (No. 23,) are exquisite pieces—soft, hazy, and correct.

No. 33. *A Maltese schambuta beating up in a strong gale, with a view of the island of Ischia,* is particularly remarkable for loose play on the edge of the waves.—The principal light is purposely disturbed and divided by the swelling ocean, and is still so far connected as to give the whole picture its unity of effect.

No. 40. *View of a convent on Mount Vesuvius, near Torre del' Annunciata, kingdom of Naples.*

No. 60, *South West View of Mount Stromboli; a brisk Gale.*

No. 69. *A Sea Beach; Morning.*

No. 77. *The Rock of Lisbon.*

No. 226. *North West View of Gibraltar, with Shipping.*

No. 318. *A Calm, with Sicilian Vessels.*

No. 344. *A Mill, in Kent.*

Among these, Nos. 40, 60, and 77, are superior to the rest: in the *View of Mount Stromboli* the water is happily managed in respect of the same disturbed light as we find in No. 33. Here it is less violent, but equally well adapted to produce that unsteady effect which we observe in the motion of water.

Mrs. GREEN sustains her claims to our former praise by many beautiful productions in the present Exhibition. In some we think she has suffered her pencil to indulge in a slighter and more unfinished manner, and here and there much negligence of drawing may be detected. She now exhibits—

No. 35. *Portrait of a Lady.*

No. 37. *Portrait of a Lady.*

No. 64. *The opening Rose.*

No. 65. *Portrait of a Gentleman.*

No. 70. *The little Pet.*

No. 242. *A peasant Girl.*

No. 281. *Portrait of Edward Christian, Esq.*

No. 282. *Children lamenting the Loss of their Favourite.*

In the portraits there is much to admire: a delicacy of touch, and combination of contrasted tints, so closely mingled as to strengthen the effect of each other. This beauty of colouring, united to a tasteful force of shadow, compensates for the deficiencies in drawing and character which are too frequently discernible. This want of character is most apparent in the fancy pieces: the Peasant Girl is much inferior to the other productions of this lady.

The fame which Mr. HOLMES acquired by his efforts in preceding years, will not be diminished by the productions which we are about to mention.

No. 16. *The doubtful Shilling,* is highly finished, and merits our highest encomiums. It represents a butcher's shop, to which a young mother, with an infant in her arms, and a little girl by her side, has come to purchase a pound of mutton steaks. The meat is cut and weighed, and lies upon the block, while the butcher is closely examining the piece of doubtful coin which is offered in payment for them. By the aspect of the unfortunate purchaser we plainly perceive that this *suspected shilling* is her last and only piece of wealth. She looks pensive and afflicted, while the eyes of her hungry little girl are already devouring the prospect of a good dinner, which, alas! is absolutely dependant on the judgment of the hesitating dealer in beef and mutton. The countenance of the butcher is excellently characteristic: he does not seem ill-natured: he would take the shilling if he could; but he has a conscientious dislike to bad money. The whole of this picture is accurately composed, and the shadowing is clear and forcible.

(To be continued.)

CATALOGUE OF NEW MUSIC.

Mozart's Duets, Trios, Quartetts, and Quintetts. Clementi's Edition.

Of this new and splendid edition we cannot speak too highly. The selection of such exquisite compositions is as creditable to the taste and judgment of Messrs. Clementi and Co. as the accuracy and elegance with which they are presented to the public are to their abilities and liberality.

The work comprises two Duets, a Trio, ten Quartetts, and six Quintetts, each of them a perfect specimen of the different styles in which they are composed. An Index is prefixed, which is peculiarly commodious, as the mottivo or subject of each Quartett, &c. is written out *in notes*; by which means the musician is enabled to ascertain immediately whatever particular piece he may be in search of, without reference to their distinctive numbers.—These delightful productions of the most *universal* musical genius that ever existed, have so long been before the public in other editions, and are so well known to all the real lovers of fine music, that any attempt on our part to point out their peculiar beauties would be quite superfluous: we shall therefore content ourselves with recommending this new edition to such of our readers as may wish to have copies of the pieces contained in this Collection; and we sincerely hope that the editors will meet with such encouragement as will induce them to select other works, equally classical, for the further exercise of their tasteful liberality.

No. I. of a series of analysed Fugues with double counterpoints, composed for two performers on one piano forte or organ, by A. F. C. Kollmann, Organist of his Majesty's German chapel, St. James's. 5s.

Mr. Kollmann is well known among the profession as a profound theorist. His Essays on Thorough Bass and Practical Composition, &c. are convincing proofs of the great extent of his scientific acquirements, and his intimate acquaintance with the most abstruse parts of this divine science.—The present Work is to consist of three Numbers, each of which is to contain four Fugues and a sheet of introductory explanation; the whole to be completed and published by next September. If we are to take this first Number as a specimen of what the others will be, we have no hesitation in saying that the Work will form a very valuable addition to the collection of those who are amateurs of this species of composition. The first Fugue is in C, upon a chromatic, original, and spirited subject. The second is in a minor. The third in F, upon two subjects, which form part of the melody of the 100th Psalm. The fourth is in D minor: and although the subject be not very pleasing, it is scientific and original, and perhaps required more ingenuity in its treatment than either of the others. The copious explanations which Mr. Kollmann has prefixed to each Fugue render any analysis from us unnecessary.—We never expect much taste or expression in a Fugue; but most of the beauties of which this species of composition is susceptible have been very ably introduced by Mr. K. There are canons, inversions, subjects augmented and diminished, and almost every other kind of ingenious contrivance.—The reasons Mr. Kollmann assigns why the Fugues are set for *two* performers are, first, because in that form they will not be so difficult to perform as otherwise; and secondly, they thus admit of less constraint in the composition, and of a clearer analysis than the adapting them for *one* performer would allow.—As we have lately been much in the habit of hearing the inimitable, the wonderful Fugues of Sebastian Bach, we perhaps did not derive quite so much pleasure from Mr. K.'s Fugues as we might otherwise have done; but they certainly are

highly creditable to his talents, and very well calculated to attain the object he had in view, viz. to elucidate, by pieces for practical use, the principles of the Fugue, and of Double Counterpoint, as taught in the author's Theoretical Works; and to give the lovers of music a knowledge of pieces of that kind, without troubling them with the less entertaining study of the Treatises alone.

Lo! at the couch; Recitative and Air composed by William Carnaby, Mus. Bac. 1s. 6d.

The introductory Recitative is expressive and appropriate, particularly where the flat 6th is introduced at the words "mournful mother keeps." There is also something ingenious in the continuation of the same bass note nearly throughout the Recitative. We suppose Mr. C. intends by this to express the continued or unbroken calm slumber of the "infant beauty."—The melody of the Air appears to us too wild and unconnected. We could not make out the rhythm. In some parts there are too many pauses; and some of the words are set in such a manner as to produce an unpleasant, *hurried* effect, particularly the words "ungenerous scorn, away." There is a syllable too many in the first word: it should be printed with an apostrophe, ("ungen'rous.") We have seen many songs by Mr. Carnaby (who we believe has lately taken his Doctor's degree) which we prefer to this. One of them we recollect to have been particularly pleased with, called "The Braes of Yarrow."

Borea e Zeffiro! a ballet divertisment performed at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, composed and arranged for the piano forte by G. G. Ferrari. 6s.

We are sorry so tasteful a composer as Sig. Ferrari should have published a composition so little adapted to raise him in the estimation of good judges as "Borea e Zeffiro." There is not one original bar in the whole Divertisement; and the style is so very very trifling, that we should never have supposed it the production of Signor Ferrari, had he not put his name to it.

Le Diable a quatre; a fourth Grand Sonata for the piano forte. Composed by J. Woelfl. Op. 50. 5s.

From the eccentricity of the title, we were led to expect something very curious in the style of this Sonata. We expected to find it so excessively difficult, as to require, perhaps, "*Le Diable*" himself to perform it. Our expectations, however, were by no means fulfilled. There is nothing very remarkable in either of the three movements, nor is there any thing to justify Mr. Woelfl in making use of so absurd a title. If his motive were to excite curiosity, he has succeeded; but we think it would have been as well, if he had introduced some movement of corresponding whimsicality and eccentricity, in order to gratify that curiosity, when raised. The first movement commences more in the style of a Prelude than a regular Sonata. It however contains several good passages, particularly the change to four flats, in page 7. The best movement is the Finale, which is in a smooth, flowing, graceful style. The direction at the beginning should have been *Legato*, not *Ligato*.

A Fantasia on the favourite Air, "Mon cœur soupire," for the harp or piano forte; by P. D'Alvimare. 3s.

Instead of a Fantasia, this might be more properly entitled "Eight Variations and an Introduction to the favourite Air," &c.—They appear to be more calculated for the harp than for the piano forte. The style is pleasing, and not too difficult for the generality of performers.

Dussek's twelfth Grand Concerto, for the Piano Forte, with Accompaniments for a full Band. Op. 70. 9s. *Without the Accompaniments*, 7s.

It gives us a sincere pleasure to find that this ingenious composer continues to write for an instrument with the powers and genius of which he is so well acquainted; and that he continues to favor this country with the fruits of his pen, although his absence prevents him from delighting us with his own performance of them.

The present Concerto (which is in E three flats) is a very favorable specimen of his peculiar style.

The first movement is spirited and brilliant, but some of the modulations are rather too sudden.

The second movement, an adagio, is elegant in its melody, but is overloaded with ornament.

The rondo is a la waltz. It is original in its subject, and in its treatment tasteful: it is light, without being trifling; and playful, without either affectation or eccentricity.

Plus Ultra, a Sonata for the Piano Forte, composed and dedicated to "Non plus Ultra" (a Sonata published under that title); by J. L. Dussek. Op. 71. 7s.

This is the first time we ever heard of one sonata being *dedicated* to another. We suspect this to be a little harmless *ruse* on the part of the publishers, by way of reminding their customers that such a sonata is to be had at their shop, if the said customers think proper to purchase it.

We have not had the pleasure of seeing "Non plus Ultra," but if it go beyond the "Plus Ultra" in merit, or even equal it, it certainly is very well worth purchasing.

The style of the sonata before us is somewhat similar to the "Harmonic Elegy," by the same composer, which we have reviewed in a former Number.

The modulations are very scientific and abstruse, and the whole sonata will require much practise, even from the most experienced performers, before they will be able to execute it properly. One of the easiest, and, in our opinion, one of the most delightful *morceaux*, is the trio, page 20, which is so tasteful and elegant, that it might easily be mistaken for one of Haydn's. The unexpected introduction of the key of C major (fourth line, page 20) is particulary effective and masterly. It seems very odd, not to say irregular, that a movement which has the signature, and which in fact does *end* in the key of A four flats, should begin in F sharp, minor. This, however, Mr. Dussek has had the boldness to do in the *scherzo*, page 19.

In the finale (which is rather long) Mr. Dussek seems to have taken the celebrated Beethoven for his model, without however condescending to any thing like servile imitation. It is altogether a very fine sonata, and we recommend it to the notice and study of *connoisseurs*, for such only will be capable of appreciating its excellence and beauty.

The Public Christening on the Neva, at St. Petersburg; a characteristic Fantasia, for the Piano Forte; composed by D. Steibelt. 4s.

We must confess that we are not among the admirers of what are called characteristic sonatas, such as "The Battle of Prague," "The taking of Valenciennes," "The *Victory* at Talavera," &c. which generally contain objects and ideas so ill-adapted to musical expression, that the composer is obliged to affix a string of nonsensical and ridiculous phrases to the different passages, in order to inform the performer and his audience what he intends to represent or express. Thus we have in the present piece—"The bells announce the ceremony," "The joy of the people," "The Emperor sets out from his palace," "The throng of the people," The acclamations of the people," "His Majesty arrives at the palace, where the holy ceremony is performed." (what a pity "The crying of the child" is omitted!) We have however, "Let us pray, sung by the Patriarch!" "Departure of his Majesty," "The *joy* of the people," (we suppose for his Majesty's departure,) "The people thronging from the palace," &c. &c. These things we repeat are not to be expressed by music; and if the composer had not had recourse to the same expedient as the painter, in the old story, viz. by explaining in *writing* over his production what he intended to have represented by means of his art—we are certain no one could possibly have guessed his meaning.

Mr. Steibelt expresses the performance of "divine service" (page 5) by a continued

tremolo, or tremor, throughout the movement. We suppose this is intended to insinuate that at St. Petersburg they adhere strictly to the precept of "worship Him in fear and *trembling*." The only parts at all worthy of Steibelt are what he calls the "Te Deum, Chorus," (page 7,) and the Variations to an Air selected from Gluck's "Alceste," (page 13.) He has done as much as such a puerile subject would admit; but we are really sorry so eminent a musician should waste his time in such childish stuff.

From the time of the concerts of Bach and Abel, and during the period of half a century, Mr. W. Lee has been a constant attendant at the Opera Concerts of Antient and Vocal Music. His respectable appearance, his assiduities, and obliging deportment, are generally known and acknowledged; but a spirit broken by severe domestic calamities, and the pressure of poverty and sickness, at an advanced age, can be intimately known only to a few who have been witnesses of his conduct in every situation of his life, and are ready to attest the facts from which this brief statement has been drawn; and if the Noble Directors of the Antient Music, the Nobility and Gentry frequenting that Concert, and those of Messrs. Harrison, Bartleman, and Greatorex should be pleased to direct any enquiry, or to afford W. Lee any relief, Mr. Birchall, of New Bond Street, has kindly undertaken to receive their commands and donations.

[In consequence of the indisposition of the Gentleman who superintends the Musical Department of our Work, we are under the necessity of apologizing to our readers for the very scanty portion of Musical Review contained in the present Number.]

To the Editor of Le Beau Monde.

SIR, *Cambridge, April* 15, 1810.

IN your critique on the new music performed at the Vocal Concert, you have done me the honor to mention my Scena from Pope's Eloisa. From the *candour* that is apparent in the generality of your musical critiques, in giving your approbation to what is *right*, I conclude that you would be equally solicitous in being perfectly correct in pointing out what is *wrong*; and under this impression only should I now take the liberty of addressing you.

Having done me the honor of saying—"the music is intrinsically good," and "we think Dr. C. has not exercised his usual judgment in setting the words 'Gentle Spirit come away,' in the bravura style," you go on by saying, "As *we* conceive these words, we should think that the most soft and solemn strain would be appropriate, such as attendant angels may be supposed to address to a departing spirit."—To which I perfectly agree.

I have this moment referred to the score, and can find no such words as "*Gentle Spirit*, come away."—The only words like them are, "Come, Sister, come!" (it said, or seemed to say,) "Thy place is here; *sad Sister*, come away," &c. which lines I have endeavoured to set *exactly*, a *you* have stated they *should* be set. The time of the movement—Andante quasi Larghetto.—To which is added, Sostenuto e Pianissimo.—The only lines in the *bravura* style are,

"I come, I come! Prepare your roseate bow'rs,
"Celestial palms and ever-blooming flow'rs."

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient, humble servant,
J. CLARKE.

[That spirit of candour which, if we are able to form a correct judgment of our own feelings, has uniformly governed our decisions upon musical compositions and performances, required that we should insert Dr. Clarke's letter: but although we acknowledge that we have by mistake quoted the words "Gentle Spirit, come away," instead of "Sad Sister, come away,"—yet, upon reviewing the whole sense of the passage, and with a full impression upon our minds of the effect which the whole passage produced, we feel ourselves compelled to adhere to the opinion we have expressed.

We think that the *whole scena* is of too

grave and serious a cast to admit of the bravura style being introduced, without impropriety, into *any part of it*. We are persuaded that Dr. Clarke is too liberal to believe that we tenaciously maintain a wrong opinion, merely because we have once expressed it. We should feel infinitely more pleasure in retracting an error than in supporting it, if we were really convinced that we had fallen into one. Not having a book of the performance, we had quoted the words merely from recollection.

To the Editor of Le Beau Monde.

SIR,

THE liberality of your critique on my "General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland," which appeared in your number for March, I am perfectly sensible of. It is a duty both to you and myself to explain the ground (since you have alluded to it) on which my work is declared to be the *first* GENERAL Collection of ancient Hibernian Melodies.

The fact is, about thirteen years ago my original publication, containing sixty-six airs, appeared, intended as the beginning of a series which was to embrace the entire body of the music of my native country. That volume, flattered by the early notice of Dr. Crotch, must be considered as closely connected with, and as parent to, my more enlarged and splendid plan, of which the first volume, lately published in London, is to form a part. Whatever were the merits or defects of that first attempt, in the year 1796, Sir John Stevenson, of whom you speak, introduced, several years afterwards, no less than *eleven* of its airs in the fisrt volume of his Melodies, which contained, in all, only *five* more. It is far from my wish to depreciate any attempt to extend the knowledge of Irish Music, in whatever form it appears; I must, however, be suffered to say, what is obvious on the face of our respective works, that they move in different spheres, and aim at as different objects. One of these consists of tunes generally known in Great Britain and Ireland, forming a *selection* which an able musician could produce in his elbow chair: the other is a *collection*, which embraces similar objects, with the advantage of having every well-authenticated, valuable, and really *ancient* melody that could be restored, by the active exertions of almost my life-time—a Collection, which at this period it is out of the power of any other person to make.

As any observation from your pen claims my regard, allow me to state the reason which induced me to set those airs which are adapted for the voice in keys which you allege are under the compass of female powers. Had those Airs been intended for the use of *professional* singers, the adopted keys should have been higher; but the point in view was, to pitch them for the *general* standard. The main intent of the work was to render them fit for ordinary use; and I had learned, in the practice of my profession, that it is a general complaint against vocal music, that it is often beyond the reach of the generality of voices *.

The obliging anxiety which you declare for the appearance of my *second* Volume demands that I should inform you that I am at this moment busily preparing it; and that independently of the mere music, it will contain (among other matter) a fund of original information, tending to throw light on the degree of improvement which Ireland must have attained in the art of Composition at a very early period.

I am, Gentlemen, with due respect,

Your obedient and obliged servant,

E. BUNTING.

Belfast, April 17, 1810.

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* For instance, when it ascends above G in alt, not one in twenty private female singers can reach A, the note above, without *screaming*. I therefore preferred those keys to which the voice was competent in the upper notes, without forcing. I might indeed have altered the Melodies in some parts, where they go low, but not without taking liberties with the airs, which I should not, however, have thought myself warranted in doing.

THE IRISH HARP.

As a specimen of Mr. Bunting's very able work, concerning the music of Ireland, we present our reader with the following extract from his Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Irish Harp:

" Mr. Beauford alledges, that the Irish bards discovered, from practice, the true musical figure of the harp, by altering the right angle to an oblique one, and giving a curvature to the arm; a form which he says will, on examination, be found to have been constructed on true harmonic principles, and to bear the strictest mathematical and philosophical scrutiny. The passage at large deserves attention—' The old bards, by making the plane of their harps an oblique-angled triangle, fell into a true proportion of their strings, that is as the diameter to its circumference.'—The late learned and lamented Dr. Young, in his Enquiry into the principal Phœnomena of Sounds, and Musical Strings, has proved that ' the latitude of the pulse of any musical string, the inflicting and tending forces being given, will be in direct proportion to the length of the string; and the greater space the middle point of such a string vibrates will be in a direct ratio to the radius of a circle, whose circumference is equal to the latitude of the pulse;' whence we may reasonably infer, that if a system of strings be so tended that their respective lengths are to each, on the axis of suspension, as the raidius of a circle to its circumference, they will be disposed in the best manner possible; and which the old bards, though perhaps unknown to themselves, hit upon.

" According to Brompton, in the reign of Henry II. the Irish had two kinds of harps: the one bold and rapid, the other soft and soothing. The small harp, like that described at Brian Boiromhe's, was strung with single chords, and principally used by ladies and ecclesiastics as an accompaniment to their songs and hymns. Conacreth and ceannaire-crwth was the great one used in public assemblies of the people. This, during the latter periods, was strung with double chords. The first measured thirty-two inches in height; the present is about five feet. It has been alledged that the Irish had three species of harp and the crwth.

" 1. The clarsch, or clarseach (the commom harp).

" 2. The keirnine, or small harp.

" 3. The cionar-cruit.

" Cream-crutin, creamtine-cruit, the crwth used as a tenor accompaniment at feasts, and parent to the violin.

" Some have thought that the Celtic-crwth was primarily used by the Irish, and that it gave way to the harp, on the establishment of the Danish power over them; but of this we know no evidence.

" The tympanum mentioned by Cambrinsis as an instrument of Ireland, was a species of drum.

" We find the Irish so tenacious of the old structure of their instruments at all times, that, with the example of Wales before them, where it was, in the 14th century, increased to a triple row of strings, and the number raised to ninety-seven, no alteration was even attempted in theirs for a hundred years afterwards. Robert Nugent, a Jesuit, who resided some time in this country, then improved it, by enclosing a space between the trunk and upper arm, covering with a lattice-work of wood the sound-holes on the right sides, and placing a double row of chords on each side. This innovation on the simplicity of our music does not appear to have gained ground, and has since been entirely abandoned.

" It is asserted that the Irish had the double-row of strings from Wales; Davydd Benwynn, one of their bards, having said, about 1589, that his harp contained ninety-nine strings, or more: but it has just been

shewn that Nugent introduced it in Ireland a century earlier. Even the single-rowed Irish harp, so long in common use, contains a number of strings equal to those of Benwynn, and thus rendered the assertion nugatory in itself.

"The most ancient Irish harp probably now remaining is that which is said to belong to Brian Boiromhe, King of Ireland, who was slain in battle with the Danes at Clontarf, near Dublin, A.D. 1014. His son Donogh having murdered his brother Teige, in the year 1023, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the Pope, in order to obtain absolution. Adrian the IVth, surnamed Breakspear, alledged this circumstance as one of the principal titles to this kingdom in his bull, transferring it to Henry II. These regalia were deposited in the Vaticum till the Pope sent the harp to Henry VIII, but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanrickard, in whose family it remained till the beginning of this century, when it came by a lady of the De Burgh family into that of M'Mahon, of Clenaugh, in the county of Clare; after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner M'Namara, of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College, Dublin, where it still remains.

"This harp had only one row of strings, is thirty-two inches high, and of extraordinary good workmanship. The sound-board is of oak, the pillar and comb of red sallow; the extremity of the uppermost bar or comb, in part, is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chisseled. It contains a large chrystal set in silver, and under it was another stone, now lost. The buttons, or ornamental nobs, at the sides of the bar, are of silver. On the front of the pillar are the *arms*, chased in silver, of the O'Brian family — the bloody hand supported by Lions on the side of the pillars. Within two circles are the Irish wolf-dogs, carved in the wood. The string notes of the sound-board are neatly ornamented with escutcheons of brass, carved and gilt. The sounding holes have been ornamented probably with silver, as they have been the object of theft. This harp has twenty-eight string-screws, and the same number of string holes to answer them; consequently there were twenty-eight strings. The bottom which it rests upon is a little broken, and the wood very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an expert artist.

"In Vincentio Gallici's Dissertation on Ancient and Modern Music, prented at Florence in the year 1581, we have the following interesting information:

'Among the stringed instruments now in use in Italy, the first is the harp, which is only an ancient cethara, so far altered in form by the artificers of those days as to adapt it to the additional number; and the tension of the strings containing, from the highest to the lowest note, not more than three octaves. This most ancient instrument was brought to us from Ireland, (as Dante says,) where they are excellently made, and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island having practised on it for *many and many ages:* nay, they even place it in the arms of the kingdom, paint it on their public buildings, and stamp it on their coin; giving as the reason, their being descended from the prophet David. The harps which this people use are considerably larger than ours, and have generally the strings of brass, and a few of steel for the highest notes, as in the Clavichord. The musicians who perform on it keep their nails long, forming them with care in the shape of the quills which strike the spinnet. The number of the strings is fifty-four, fifty-six, or even sixty, though we do not find that among the Jews, those of the prophets—Cethara or Psaltery, exceeded ten. I had, a few months since, by the civility of an Irish gentleman, an opportunity of seeing one of those harps, and after having minutely examined the arrangement of its strings, I found it was the same which, with double the number, was introduced into Italy a few years ago; though some people here, against every shadow of reason, pretend *they* have

invented it, and endeavour to make the ignorant believe that none but themselves know how to tune and play on it; and they value this art so highly, that they ungratefully refuse to teach any one?

"But to return to the tuning of the harp —I will, to assist those who wish for information upon the subject, give the following instructions. I begin by saying that the compass of fifty-eight strings which are stretched on it comprehends four octaves and one tone, not major and minor as some have imagined, but, as I have said before, in the manner of keyed instruments. To proceed: the lowest string, both for B natural and B flat, is double C in the bass; and the highest is D in alt. Wishing now to tune for B flat, the sixteen lowest strings on the left hand are to be distributed according to the common *diatonic scale*; and the fourteen opposite to them, on the right hand side, (leaving aside, however, the unisons of D and A,) are to be of the *chromatic scale*, conformable in its nature to the said diatonic. The fifteen ascending strings that follow these are to be tuned to the diatonic scale, according to the manner of the sixteen lowest notes on the left side. The thirteen that follow next above the first sixteen perform the office of the lowest ones on the right.—When it is desired to play on B natural, the Bs flat of each diatonic are to be taken away, and put in both the chromatics, in the places of the Bs natural; and these are to be put in the places of the diatonic, both on the right and left side.

"This method was recommended by its inventor, for the convenience and facility which it gives the fingers of both hands, particularly in performing their diminutions and extensions. We find among the above-mentioned strings, five times C, five D, four E, four F, four G, four A, four B flat, four B natural, four unisons of D, four diesis of G, and four flats of E, which make, in all, fifty-eight strings. There are, besides, wanting, for the perfection of the various harmonies, the four diesis of D, the four flats of A, for which, in those airs that require them, we make use of their unisons among the chromatic strings; which unisons greatly increase the facility of the diminutions, as clearly appears in practice—a facility that is chiefly produced by the distribution already explained.

"The harp is so like the *epigonium* and *simicon*, that we may reasonably assert that it is one of them; nor do I think that those who affirm that the strings were stretched in the same manner and proportion on them as on it, were far wrong. Now these insruments were not introduced till after people began to play in concert, and this method of placing the strings is more ancient. If any doubts should arise in your mind whether the harp may be tuned like the lute, or like keyed instruments, the recollection of what I have said on that subject will doubtless remove it. I will not pass over in silence the fault which some have attempted to find with the lute, when, without any reason, they say that a keyed instrument is more perfect (in its harmonies) than any other kind, and consequently than the lute. How far this is from the truth may be clearly understood from what has been said in the relation of the tuning of the intervals to the invention and origin of modern instruments. I say that *from the harp*, considering its resemblance in name, in form, and in numbers, disposition, and materials on its strings, (though the professors of that instrument in Italy say *they* have invented it,) the harpsichord probably had its rise—an instrument from which were formed almost all the other keyed instruments.

"But before any of these is the *Organ.*—This instrument was first used in Greece, and thence passed, by Hungary to the Bavarians in Germany. I say this, from having seen one in the cathedral church at Monaca, the principal city of the province, with pipes of box-wood all in one piece, as high and wide as the generality of our metal ones. This is the most ancient of its kind and size to be found, not only in all Germany, but perhaps in any part of the world.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE!

EPISODE FROM NOBLE'S BLACKHEATH.

Beside yon blossomed brake where the broad fern
Rears high its knotted tendrils, and o'erhangs
The sand-pit's mossy ridge, a wretched man
Drops down his weary limbs in soft repose.
His pendant rags display his shrivelled form,—
His sunk eyes scowl with famine,—his deep brows,
Contracted with habitual misery, sour,—
And o'er his forehead,—o'er his hollow cheeks,
Mingle disease and grief their sallow tints.
—'Unhappy being, whom each human woe
'Hath so severely wounded,—where art thou?
'And whither tend thy feeble sorrowing steps?'

"Alas, I strive to reach my native vale,
"Hence distant many miles;—where fruitful Kent
"Yields richest harvests to the labouring plough.
"There health and hope smiled on my youthful days;
"And love, with all his promises of joy,
"Whispered soft transports to my throbbing breast.
"Thither I drag this miserable frame
"To pine out its last residue of life
"Upon parochial alms;—to lay this heart
"Where, mouldering, it may mingle with that dust
"Parental lessons taught it to revere,—
"The dust of it's forefathers;—if their grave,
"That only spot that now retains their name,
"That last inheritance, be not denied!
"Say, would you hear the tale of my sad days—
"Why, once possessed of land and well-stored barns,
"I now implore the beggar's scanty boon,
"And ask but to possess my father's grave?—
"Attend;—the tale is mournful, but not long.
"One, proud and cold of heart, whose wealth had grown
"By Indian plunder, purchased large estates
"Around my humble dwelling. He his gold
"Proffered to me for those my cherished fields;—
"Fields that our race, a hardy, honest line,
"Had clung to for whole ages,—for with love,
"Fond as the child, who on his mother's breast
"Presses sweet infant kisses, doted we
"Upon those lands, where, rooted like the oak,
"Our fair report extended far around.
"But who transplants the oak?—'twere vain to hope
"To tear it up uninjured from its soil,
"And see it yet survive: its sap would fail,
"And through the arid boughs a feverish drought
"Swift rushing, would devour the drooping leaves;
"Burn up the withering branches; and in scars
"Burst the dry bark, and scathe the lifeless trunk.
"His proffers I rejected:—then he sought
"Means more oppressive;—all the low revenge
"That wealthy pride imagines when despised.
"The tortured law was wrested from its sense
"To rack the victim of determined power.
"But British laws bend not with Indian ease:
"The sentence of my honest jurors oft
"Encouraged my resistance. Yet he still
"Fostered new pleas;—suborned a cringing herd
"Of perjured slaves; and led from court to court
"A dark entangled sophistry of claims,

POETRY.

" Embarrassing the law he could not bribe.
" Around my home he nurtured cruel lies,
" Soul-wounding injuries, to make me quit
" My stedfast hold. Alas, resolved, I held
" Too obstinately firm. I might have saved,
" By losing every sense of honest pride
" In base submission, her I might have saved,
" Who with torn nerves, all shuddering at my
" wrongs,
" Fainted and left me ;—in her clay-cold arms
" Bearing my clay-cold infant to that grave,
" My father's grave—the grave that shall be
" mine !
" Cease agonizing memory,—cease regret !
" Heaven in compassion snatched them from my
" woes,
" And spread the impenetrable calm of death
" O'er all their sorrows !—yet would I repine :—
" Yet frequent wish upon the breast of love
" To breathe my tortured spirit ;—frequent weep
" That her closed eyes no longer shared my tears ;
" That she no longer to my trembling lips
" Pressed my sweet infant,—for its future days
" Uttering her fears in sighs !—for, who can bear
" A load of sufferings for himself alone ?
" No—'tis for those we love—for those on whom
" Self rests each sense of happiness—for those
" We cherish hope, and struggle with the world !
" Deprived of them, the apathy of grief
" O'erwhelms us—and our best resolves expire.
" Ruin'd by dark chicane, compelled I left
" My little patrimony ;—sought in trade
" The sustenance of life.—Bankrupt in that,
" For I had neither knowledge, care, nor hope,
" I sunk so deep in sorrow and in want,
" That, as upon a worm, the feet of men
" Seemed to tread on me ; and as one who was
" But is not, I was named.—Or, if I craved
" The wretch's pitta where I might have
" claimed
" The kind return of ndship, I was spurned,
" And shaken off as t foul spider is,
" Who with his dise owelled thread adheres
" To the disgusted ha.—What then remains ?
" A few short days sll end this pilgrimage !
" Yes—when upon hat earth which oft I've
" wooe
" With cheerful labr ;—when upon that earth
" Whose summer erdure gladden'd all my
" toils -
" When there I sll have crawled, an outcast
" wret,
" A miserable strger, without home ;—
" Then will I qui his last, weak hold of life.
" For there wha houghts from memory shall
burs
" Rending the eausted fibres of the brain
" With dark recting sense of blasted hopes ;—
" Of joys torn, bding, from the shattered heart,
" Where they we wound round life !—O God !
" tpast—
" The painfu pt, seems like some dreadful hand
" Grasping my hole existence.—Yet awhile—
" (I must nowrong of these poor bones that
" rave
" Which wit parental fondness calls me home)
" —O yet ile, ye days that rend my soul,
" And I will ss the bounds of wretched time,
" And ming with you in eternity !
" Let me t reach the spot where once yet
smiled,
" Though ack oppression curst ye as ye flew,—
" There lne drop, unheeded and despised !
" The sacd spirits of the forms I loved,
" My pats and my child, my tender wife,
" Shall b me welcome to my father's grave !"